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BUSINESS CARDS.

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THE CONFEDERATE CHIEFTAINS;

A TALE OF THE IRISH REBELLION OF 1641.

BY MRS. J. SADLIER.

CHAPTER XVII.

"What tho' the field be lost?
All is not lost; the ungovernable will,
* * * * *
And courage never to submit or yield,
And what is else not to be overcome."

MILTON'S *Paradise Lost.*

"A tale more strange ne'er graced the poet's art,
And ne'er did fiction play so wild a part."

TICKELL.

WITH varying success the Irish army remained in the neighborhood of Drogheda all through the months of January and February—at times there seemed every probability of the garrison being reduced by famine to surrender, for the supplies so wonderfully introduced into the town in the beginning of January lasted but a very few weeks. Famine and sickness soon began to produce the saddest effects amongst the hardy soldiers of the garrison, and strong hopes were entertained by the leaders of the besieging force that the town could not much longer hold out, when towards the end of February a fearful storm came on, which carried away the boom from the mouth of the river, together with various defences erected there for the greater security of the harbor. Before any of this mischief could be repaired, certain of the government cruisers, ever hanging around the coasts in wait for an opportunity of approaching the town, succeeded in making their way to the wharf, and plentifully supplied the wants of the garrison.

Thus strengthened, and invigorated with renewed hope, the besieged not only defended the town more vigorously, but issuing forth, in considerable detachments, and at short intervals, they attacked the various stations occupied by the Irish, sometimes with success, but just as often to be driven back again to the shelter of their strong walls. Many a hard struggle took place between the contending parties for the possession of fords and passes on the river. On one occasion, in which the Irish were defeated, so obstinate was the contest that the Nanny-water at Julianstown ran red with the blood of the slain. On nearly the same spot where they gained a complete and bloodless victory, they were themselves, so soon after, vanquished with fearful loss. One by one several of their strongest posts were taken, owing to their fatal want of ordinance, and to crown all it was announced that the Earl of Ormond was at length marching to the relief of Drogheda with a strong force and with orders to burn, pillage, and destroy the houses and possessions of all who had declared for the rebels or in any way assisted them.

Hearing this, Sir Phelim O'Neill thought it high time to betake himself again to the woods and fastnesses of Ulster, until such time as Providence might send him a supply of arms and ammunition, with such artillery as might enable him to encounter a regular army in the field. Reluctantly he came to this decision, which his allies of the Pale, moreover, endeavored to combat with a view to the protection of their own goods and chattels, but Sir Phelim took it into his head that the preservation of his entire force depended on effecting a speedy retreat, and retreat into Ulster he would and did, to the great joy and exultation of the garrison, which for three months and better he had kept so closely straightened, with scarcely a piece of cannon in his possession, and other war-stores in such limited quantity as to be wholly insufficient for such an undertaking.

With the exception of the miserable failure of that fatal night —and Sir Phelim never forgave himself for not having entrusted the enterprise to older and more experienced commanders— everything was done that either courage or prudence could dictate, and if the siege of Drogheda was at length abortive, the fault lay in the grievous wants already mentioned, wants which should, from the first, have prevented an undertaking of such magnitude and so great importance.

Philip O'Reilly had just returned for a brief season of rest to his paternal halls, and the clansmen of Breffny were resting in peace after the fatigues of the luckless Louth campaign, awaiting another summons from the north, when the chief was apprised of the death of old Dr. Beddell. Application had been made to Bishop McSweeny for permission to bury him within the precincts of his former cathedral, and after some hesitation that prelate gave his consent.

On the day of the deceased bishop's interment, a sight was seen which filled his friends and co-religionists with surprise. A lonely funeral they expected to have of it, for the few Protestants who still remained in the neighborhood feared to make any demonstration, or in fact to be seen abroad at all. Great, then, was their astonishment when, on the morning fixed for the funeral, a hundred or so of the patriot-soldiers of Breffny marched to the late prelate's house with soft and mournful music, and announced their intention of accompanying his remains to the grave.

At first the bishop's family and household were more alarmed than pleased by the appearance of this martial band, but when the officer in command—it was the former high sheriff, Miles Mac Edmund O'Reilly—entering the house, assured them that his men were only desirous of doing honor to the memory of the lamented dead, they were all deeply touched by so public an expression of kindly sympathy.

The Bishop, too, joined the funeral cortege, with many of the chief men of the O'Reillys, and although the day was a stormy one in the early spring, they followed the honored remains even to the old diocesan graveyard of Kilmore where the vault of his predecessors awaited him. And the solemn music of the Breffny minstrels was the dirge of the good old prelate, and the clansmen of Breffny paced with downcast eyes and arms reversed, after the mourning friends and relatives, and when the body was laid in the tomb, they insisted on firing a volley over it by way of a parting salute, for they remembered that the good man there consigned to earth had shown himself their friend when few of his order or profession would have said a word or testified a feeling in their behalf.

When, however, the vault was closed, and the echoing roll of the musketry had died away amongst the neighboring hills, Miles O'Reilly stepped forward, and, filled with thoughts of what had been and what was to be, he exclaimed in Latin:

"May the last of the English rest in peace!"

The musicians, catching his thought, struck up "O'Neill's March," one of the most popular tunes of the day, and to its enlivening notes they marched out of the graveyard and resumed their homeward way, satisfied that they had shown all proper respect to the memory of a generous foe, yet elated with the thought that no other should ever fill his office amongst them or usurp the rights of their lawful prelates.

"He was a good man," said they one to another, "for a Protestant, but there's few of them like *him*, and, only God to spare us our eyesight, we never want to lay eyes on a minister or a bishop of his sort——"

"It will not be our fault if ever one of them roosts in Kilmore, anyhow," rejoined another; "please the Lord their light is quenched for good,—and it's it was the unlucky light to us ever since it was first lit at the fire below!—glory and honor to Sir Phelim, only give him fair play,—him and the O'Reilly and the rest of them,—and they'll get us back our rights, or they'll know for what!"

The spirit thus expressed by the clansmen of Breffny, with the entire, perhaps exaggerated confidence they had in their hereditary leaders, was common amongst the lower classes of the soldiery, but in the minds of the chieftains and officers themselves, the conviction was every hour gaining ground that their real commander had not yet made his appearance on the scene of action. But to go back a little:

When Sir Phelim was about making his retreat from Drogheda, Shamus went to him one evening with a face of blank dismay, and told him that the youth Angus was missing since the previous day, and was neither to be found dead nor alive. Now, independent of all personal considerations, the lad's services had been of such a nature since his sudden appearance amongst the men, that even the rough nature of Sir Phelim was touched by this intelligence, and he gave Shamus orders to take ten or a dozen men and make a strict search everywhere around the neighborhood. However, anxious they all were, for Angus was a general favorite, they might have searched long enough to little purpose, had not some prisoners been taken that day from a foraging party, and from them it was casually ascertained that a young man answering to the description of Angus had been caught prowling around that same old orchard which had proved so fatal to poor Eman and his party. He had managed to get in on the occasion of a *sortie* from St. James's Gate, but refused to confess what his intentions were.

Sir Phelim and others of the chieftains immediately surmised that the poor fellow had taken this bold and venturous step, hoping that by concealing himself till the fall of night, he might succeed in opening some gate or door unobserved, and thus to introduce a party of his friends, who, warned by former sad experience, might be able to surprise the garrison. Indeed, it was found that he had intimated some such design to his friend Shamus several days before, asking whether he thought it at all practicable, but Shamus having, as he thought, laughed him out of such a boyish notion, the affair was no more alluded to between them, and Shamus forgot all about it until the mysterious disappearance of Angus brought it again to his mind. He now bitterly reproached himself for not having acquainted some of his superiors at the time, with the romantic scheme which now, in all probability, had brought destruction on the brave youth.

Sir Phelim, after some deliberation, sent a herald with a flag of truce to Sir Henry Tichbourne, proposing an exchange of prisoners; this, at first, was refused, and O'Neill, in his wrath, swore that those in his possession, amounting to half a dozen or so—some of them subaltern officers—should be hung before sunset in sight of the town-walls.

The fatal preparations were already made, and the temporary gallows loomed up tall and spectral above surrounding objects —the sound of funeral music, and the measured discharge of musketry denoted the approach of the final moment, when the West Gate of the town rolled slowly back, and out came a small party of horse, the first man bearing aloft a white flag. On and on they came towards the place prepared for the execution, and

as they drew near, the flag-bearer, detaching himself from the others, rode forward and announced that Sir Henry Tichbourne, having thought better of the matter, was willing to agree to Sir Phelim O'Neill's proposal in regard to the prisoners, and had sent his for exchange.

"Well for him he did," said the chieftain curtly; "you see our patience has no great stretch," and he grimly pointed to the gaunt, unsightly gallows. "Here you, O'Rourkes, bring out the Englishers—ha, Angus, my good lad! I am well content to see you again!"

The Irish prisoners were now handed over, but still there seemed some delay in regard to giving up the others. Sir Phelim blustered and swore and threatened punishment—the prisoners were delivered up, with one exception—a young officer of dark, forbidding aspect, and a cynical expression of countenance. Him the Leitrim men held fast, looking at the same time as though no stretch of authority should induce them to give him up. Sir Phelim's ire began to rise, and some of the Norman lords who were present looked eagerly for the solution of so strange a proceeding. One or two of the Irish officers who chanced to be near whispered to each other a solution of the enigma.

"What the fiend is this?" cried Sir Phelim, angrily; "let the gentlemen go, with the rest, ye stupid varlets!"

"If it's pleasing to you, Sir Phelim, we'd rather not," said Manus O'Rourke, stepping forward; "this prisoner is ours—it was we of Breffny-O'Rourke who took him, and we desire to await our chief's judgment in his regard——"

"Who is he, then?"

"The son and heir of Sir Frederick Hamilton, against whom every O'Rourke in Breffny has sworn revenge."

"Ha! Hamilton—I know!" The chieftain turned his scathing eye on the young ensign, who, on his part, looked as though he thought his situation somewhat perilous. Still he returned the glance with one of defiance rather than deprecation.

"By the soul of Heremon," said O'Neill slowly, "but it grieveth me to thwart you in this thing, Manus O'Rourke, for that brood of vipers were well cleared out of your fair country, but mine honor—*our* honor, Manus, will not permit us to keep the stripling now."

"How is that, Sir Phelim?" demanded O'Rourke sternly.

"Why, because it was from us the offer of exchange came, and we then made no exception. Had I known in time of this Hamilton being in your hands, by my faith he had gone to Drumahair for your chieftain's good pleasure—now when they have sent all our prisoners, at our request, we cannot for shame keep any of theirs in custody. No, no, Manus, *it cannot be*—you will have some other opportunity—justice can wait—soldiers of Breffny, I appeal to your honor in this matter, hoping that you will let this prisoner go with the others!"

"It is hard, it is very hard, Sir Phelim O'Neill," said the uncompromising Manus, "still I acknowledge your honor is at stake, and I am sure there is not an O'Rourke here who will hold out against you!"

A sullen murmur was heard amongst the men of west Breffny, but still none of them gainsaid the words of Manus. Dark was the scowl, however, with which they regarded the son of their enemy as with a smile, half of contempt, half of triumph, he walked over to the party from town.

"Ye have done well, men of Breffny," said Sir Phelim, in a husky voice, "and by the sword of Nial it shall go hard with me, an' we bring not that savage Hamilton to justice ere the war comes to an end. If I aid ye not in this matter, be my name forgotten in the land where my fathers ruled!"

A loud cheer from the O'Rourkes attested their sense of Sir Phelim's kind dispositions in their regard, and as the other clans present caught up the sound it rolled far away into the distance, along the level borders of the Boyne.

While O'Neill turned to speak with Angus, who stood, cap in hand, awaiting speech of him, the Norman lords discoursed amongst themselves of the scene they had just witnessed, and more than one expressed his surprise at the unexpected gentleness displayed by the northern leader. The main features of the scene they were at a loss to understand, till, having applied to Manus O'Rourke, who was a lieutenant in their army, for explanation, he gave them, with no softened coloring, an account of the relative conduct of Sir Frederick Hamilton and the O'Rourkes of Breffny. Hearing this, the lords of the Pale could not help expressing their admiration of the generous forbearance shown by the Clan O'Rourke on this occasion, when revenge was a second time in their own hands, and even justice might seem to authorize their detention of their prisoner.

But another surprise awaited these noblemen, in common with the chieftains, their allies. Angus Oge had a singular story to tell, though his captivity had been but of three days' duration, and as the night was closing in, with storm and darkness, Sir Phelim invited all the officers present to go to his quarters to hear what the youth had to say. Although Shamus had hitherto kept in the background, he was not out of hearing, and, slily availing himself of his privileged position in regard to his chieftain, he glided into the hall at Bewly amongst the crowd of lords and gentlemen, and managed to hear every word of the story, albeit that the narrator, overcome with the timidity natural in such a presence, told his simple tale in low hesitating accents, and with eyes that sought the ground.

"I think I was as near death since I left here," said Angus, "as one could be and escape it. There's no more feeling in them black-hearted soldiers of Tichbourne's than there is in a whin-stone, and their general is worse than any of them, Christ save us! for all you'd think to hear him talk he was a saint at the very least—if he was cutting your throat, or blowing your brains out, he'd be discoursing to you the goodness of God, and the ways of righteousness, that you'd think there was honey on his lips. When I was taken before him in a condemned looking place they called the Tholsel, he preached a sermon to me that Father O'Hanlon himself could hardly beat, but the last words spoiled all, for he told me that I was to die that very day as a spy. 'And now,' said he, knitting his black brows together, 'now go to the Lord Christ and beg of him to free your mind from the thick clouds of Popish darkness. He will illumine you, and if you do but ask Him, His light will conduct you through the dark valley.' 'Why, then,' says I to myself, 'I wish you'd tell me something I didn't know before.' Well! there I was Sir Phelim, sorrowful enough you may be sure—especially in regard to having missed my mark—and thinking that I must die like a dog without benefit of clergy, and me shut up there in a dark hole without as much as a glimpse of light. If it wasn't for a pair of beads I had, and that I made good use of them, I don't know what on earth I would have done, for I was falling into a kind of despair with the fear and the dread that was on me—sure enough it must have been the Blessed Mother of God that brought me through, for myself thinks it was a miracle and nothing less."

"Well! well!" said Sir Phelim with manifest impatience, "how was it, boy? let us hear!"

"I will, Sir Phelim, I'm just coming to it. The jailor was just after telling me, for my comfort, that all the other Irish prisoners were to be exchanged only me, and that I was to be shot before sunset, when in comes another, and says he, 'no such thing,—the fellow has better luck than honester folk!—his life is saved for this time——'

"'Why, how is that?' says the jailor, and, though myself didn't dare to open my lips, you may be sure I was on thorns to hear more. 'Well,' says the turnkey to the jailor, 'if you were guessing for ever you'd never light on it. What do you think of Lady —— coming herself to Sir Henry to ask pardon for the varlet?—he said the name in a whisper almost, so that I couldn't hear it, and sorry enough I was for that same, for the jailor himself cried out: 'Can it be possible?—well! after that, I'll wonder at nothing—but I suppose Sir Henry couldn't refuse her.' 'So he said,' says the turnkey back again, 'for she asked it as a favor that she'd never forget, and Sir Henry said as it was the first she ever asked of him, he couldn't refuse though he didn't deny but what it was sore against his will to spare the fellow's life. I heard a whisper amongst some of the soldiers,' says he in a low voice, 'that Sir Henry wouldn't give in so readily, only for a notion he has in regard to her ladyship's daughter—a born beauty, they say she is, and old as the general is, it seem she's looking out for a wife still.' At this the two laughed, and the jailor says winking at the other, 'I see—I see—that's all plain enough, but what the d—l put it in the old lady's head to petition for a scurvy Irish traitor.'"

"This is just what myself wanted to know," said Angus, "so I got as near as I could and cocked my ear to listen, but I wasn't anything the wiser, for the other only shook his head and said it was a mystery to him."

Various names were suggested by the Norman lords and gentlemen, but their guessing threw no light on the subject, and Sir Phelim exclaimed in a snappish way:

"We be just as much in the dark now as we were before—is that all you can tell us regarding this dame of quality?"

"Not so, Sir Phelim," returned Angus with a smile, and he glanced sideways at his friend Shamus; "before I left Drogheda I had a visit from that same lady, a lady of noble presence she is, too, and with her was the fairest maiden these eyes ever beheld." The arch youth paused and looked around, enjoying, as it were, the surprise now depicted on every face, turning from one to the other as their various ejaculations reached his ear.

"Ay, marry," said he, "the lady came to see me, and she told me she felt herself much beholden to certain of the Irish chieftains, and she gave me a message for one in particular."

"And who might that be?" demanded O'Neill.

"The O'Rourke of Breffny!"

"The O'Rourke!" cried Manus, stepping eagerly forward. "Did she say O'Rourke?"

"She did, and as your lord is absent, I may give it to you, for the lady said I might, in such case, deliver her words to any of his kinsmen. She commends herself to Owen O'Rourke, and sends him word by me, with kind and courteous greeting, that for his sake, and in virtue of his request, she saved my life, begging that noble gentleman to believe that she holds his debt as still standing, and will, with God's help, do much more in payment thereof if so be that these troubles last much longer!"

"I know now who it is," said Manus O'Rourke,—"it is——"

"Nay, speak not her name," said Angus quickly, "she charged me to keep it secret, from all who knew it not already."

"Humph!" cried Sir Phelim, "O'Rourke's smooth face and winning ways have made an impression on some soft-hearted dowager of the Pale—what think ye, my lords?"

"Nay, I pray you, Sir Phelim, do not the noble lady injustice," said Manus eagerly; "the bottom of this affair is well known to me, and she were as inhuman as her husband—from whose hands God save us all—did she not feel grateful to Owen O'Rourke!"

"Well! well! have it your own way," said Sir Phelim; "your secret must be respected for the present, we have other matters to think of than ladies' whims!"

(To be continued.)

MR. SMITH O'BRIEN.—This distinguished Irish Patriot (says the New Orleans *Catholic Standard*) is worthy all the honors that will be offered to him, either by our immigrant population or our native citizens. We desire to add ours to the cordial welcome with which he is everywhere received.

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A POPULAR HISTORY OF IRELAND.

FROM THE EARLIEST PERIOD TO THE EMANCIPATION OF THE CATHOLICS.

By Thomas D'Arcy McGee, M.P.P.

BOOK II.

NORWEGIAN AND DANISH WARS.

CHAPTER VIII.

LATTER DAYS OF THE NORTHMEN IN IRELAND.

THOUGH Ireland dates the decay of Scandinavian power from Good Friday, 1014, yet the North did not wholly cease to send forth its warriors, nor were the shores of the British Islands less tempting to them than before. The second year after the battle of Clontarf, Canute founded his Danish dynasty in England, which existed in no little splendor during thirty-seven years. The Saxon line was restored by Edward "the Confessor," in the forty-third year of the century, only to be extinguished forever by the Norman conquest twenty-three years later. Scotland, during the same years, was more than once subject to invasion from the same ancient enemy. Malcolm II., and the brave usurper Macbeth, fought several engagements with the northern leaders, and generally with brilliant success. By a remarkable coincidence, the Scottish chronicles also date the decadence of Danish power on their coasts from 1014, though several engagements were fought in Scotland after that year.

Malachy II. had promptly followed up the victory of Clontarf by the capture of Dublin, the destruction of the fort, and the exemplary chastisement of the tribes of Leinster, who had joined Maelmurra as allies of the Danes. Sitrick himself seems to have eluded the suspicions and vengeance of the conquerors by a temporary exile, as we find in the succession of the Dublin Vikings, "one Hyman, an usurper," entered as ruling "part of a year while Sitrick was in banishment." His family interest, however, was strong among the native Princes, and whatever his secret sympathies may have been he had taken no active part against them in the battle of Clontarf. By his mother, the Lady Gormley of Offally, he was a half O'Conor; by marriage he was son-in-law of Brian, and brotber-in-law of Malachy. After his return to Dublin, when, in 1018, Bran, son of Maelmurra, fell prisoner into his hands, as if to clear himself of any lingering suspicion of an understanding with that family, he caused his eyes to be put out—a cruel but customary punishment in that age. This act procured for him the deadly enmity of the warlike mountaineers of Wicklow, who, in the year 1022, gave him a severe defeat at Delgany. Even this he outlived, and died seven years later, the acknowledged lord of his town and fortress, forty years after his first accession to that title. He was succeeded by his son, grandson, and great-grandson during the remaining half century.

The kingdom of Leinster, in consequence of the defeat of Maelmurra, the incapacity of Brian, and the destruction of other claimants of the same branch, passed to the family of McMurrogh, another branch of the same ancestry. Dermid, the first and most distinguished King of Leinster of this house, took Waterford (A.D. 1037) and so reduced its strength, that we find its hosts no longer formidable in the field. Those of Limerick continued their homage to the house of Kinkora, and the descendants of Sitrick recognized Dermid of Leinster as their sovereign. In short, all the Dano-Irish from thenceforward began to knit themselves kindly to the soil, to obey the neighboring Princes, to march with them to battle, and to pursue the peaceful calling of merchants, upon sea. The only peculiarly *Danish* undertaking we hear of again, in our Annals, was the attempt of a united fleet, equipped by Dublin, Wexford and Waterford, in the year 1088, to retake Cork from the men of Desmond when they were driven with severe loss to their ships. Their few subsequent expeditions were led abroad, into the Hebrides, the Isle of Man, or Wales, where they generally figure as auxiliaries or mercenaries in the service of local Princes. They appear in Irish battles only as contingents to the native armies—led by their own leaders and recognized as a separate, but subordinate force. In the year 1073, the Dublin Danes did homage to the monarch Thorlogh, and from 1095, until his death (A.D. 1119), they recognized no other lord but Murkertach More O'Brien; their king, at their own request, has also nominated one of his family as Lord of the Danes and Welsh of the Isle of Man.

The wealth of these Irish-Danes, before and after the time of Brian, may be estimated by the annual tribute which Limerick paid to that Prince—a pipe of red wine for every day in the year. In the year 1029, Olaf, son of Sitrick, of Dublin, being taken prisoner by O'Regan, the lords of East-Meath paid for his ransom—"twelve hundred cows, seven score British horses, three score ounces of gold!" sixty ounces of white silver as his "fetter-ounce;" the sword of Carlus, besides the usual legal fees, for recording these profitable formalities.

Being now Christians, they also began to found and endow churches, with the same liberality with which their Pagan fathers had once enriched the temples of Upsala and Trondheim. The oldest religious foundations in the seaports they possessed owe their origin to them; but even as Christians, they did not lose sight of their nationality. They contended for, and obtained Dano-Irish Bishops, men of their own race, speaking their own speech, to preside over the sees of Dublin, Waterford and Limerick. When the Irish Synods or Primates asserted over them any supervision which they were unwilling to admit—except in the case of Saint Malachy—they usually invoked the protection of the See of Canterbury, which, after the Norman conquest of England, became by far the most powerful Archbishopric in either island.

In the third quarter of this century there arose in the Isle of Man a fortunate leader, who may almost be called the last of the sea kings. This was Godard *Crovan* (the white-handed), son of an Iceland Prince, and one of the followers of Harald Harfagr and Earl Fosti, in their invasion of Northumbria (A. D. 1066). Returning from the defeat of his chiefs, Godard saw and seized upon Man as the centre of future expeditions of his own, in the course of which he subdued the Hebrides, divided them with the gallant Somerled, (ancestor of the MacDonalds of the Isles,) and established his son Lagman (afterwards put to death by King Magnus *Barefoot*) as his viceroy in the Orkneys and Shetlands, The weakened condition of the Danish settlement at Dublin attracted his ambition, and where he entered as a mediator he remained as a master. In the succession of the Dublin Vikings he is assigned a reign of ten years, and his whole course of conquest seems to have occupied some twenty years (A. D. 1077 to 1098). At length the star of this Viking of the Irish sea, paled before the mightier name of a king of Norway, whose more brilliant ambition had a still shorter day. The story of this *Magnus* (called, it is said, from his adoption of the Scottish kilt, Magnus *Barefoot*) forms the eleventh Saga in "the Chronicles of the Kings of Norway." He began to reign in the year 1093, and soon after undertook an expedition to the south, "with many fine men, and good shipping." Taking the Orkneys on his way he sent their Earls prisoners to Norway, and placed his own son, Sigurd, in their stead. He overran the Hebrides, put Lagman, son of Goddard Crovan, to death. He spared only "the holy Island," as Iona was now called, even by the Northmen, and there, in after years, his own bones were buried. The Isles of Man and Anglesea, and the coast of Wales, shared the same fate, and thence he retraced his course to Scotland, where, borne in his galley across the Isthmus of Cantire, to fulfil an old prophecy, he claimed possession of the land, on both sides of Loch Ame. It was while he wintered in the Southern Hebrides, according to the Saga, that he contracted his son Sigurd with the daughter of Murkertach O'Brien, called by the Northmen "Biadmynia." In summer he sailed homeward, and did not return southward till the ninth year of his reign (A. D. 1102), when his son, Sigurd, had come of age, and bore the title of "King of the Orkneys and Hebrides." "He sailed into the west sea," says the Saga, "with the finest men who could be got in Norway. All the powerful men of the country followed him, such as Sigurd Hranesson, and his brother Ulf, Vidkunner Johnsson, Dag Eliffsson, Sorker of Sogn, Eyvind Olboge, the king's marshal, and many other great men." On the intelligence of this fleet having arrived in Irish waters, according to the annals, Murkertach and his allies marched in force to Dublin, where, however, Magnus "made peace with them for one year," and Murkertach "gave his daughter to Sigurd, with many jewels and gifts." That winter Magnus spent with Murkertach at Kinkora, and "towards Spring both kings went westward with their army all the way to Ulster." This was one of those annual visitations which kings, whose authority was not get established, were accustomed to take. The circuit, as usual, was performed in about six weeks, after which the Irish monarch returned home, and Magnus went on board his fleet at Dublin, to return to Norway, According to the Norse account he landed again on the coast of Ulidia (Down), where he expected "cattle for ship-provision" which Murkertach had promised to send him, but the Irish version would seem to imply that he went on shore to seize the cattle perforce. It certainly seems incredible that Murkertach should send cattle to the shore of Strangford Lough, from the pastures of Thomond, when they might be more easily driven to Dublin, or the mouth of the Boyne. "The cattle had not made their appearance on the eve of Bartholomew's Mass" (August 23d, A.D. 1103), says the Saga, so "when the sun rose in the sky, King Magnus himself went on shore with the greater part of his men. King Magnus," continues the scald, "had a helmet on his head; a red shield, in which was inlaid a gilded lion; and was girt with the sword Legbiter, of which the hilt was of ivory, and the hand grip wound about with gold thread; and the sword was extremely sharp. In his hand he had a short spear, and a red silk short cloak over his coat, on which both before and behind was embroidered a lion, in yellow silk; and all men acknowledged that they had never seen a brisker, statelier man." A dust cloud was seen far inland, and the Northmen fell into order of battle. It proved, however, by their own account to be the messengers with the promised supply of cattle; but, after they came up, and while returning to the shore, they were violently assailed on all sides by the men of Down. The battle is described, with true Homeric vigor, by Sturleson. "The Irish," he says, "shot boldly; and although they fell in crowds, there came always two in place of one." Magnus, with most of his nobles, were slain on the spot, but Red Kunner Johnsson escaped to the shipping, "with the King's banner and the sword Legbiter." And the Saga of Magnus Barefoot concludes thus: "Now when King Sigurd heard that his father had fallen, he set off immediately, leaving the Irish King's daughter behind, and proceeded in autumn, with the whole fleet directly to Norway." The annalists of Ulster barely record the fact, that "Magnus, King of Lochlan and the Isles, was slain by the Ulidians, with a slaughter of his people about him, while on a predatory excursion." They place the event in the year 1104.

Our account with the Northmen may here be closed. Borne along by the living current of events, we leave them behind, high up on the remoter channels of the stream. Their terrible ravens shall flit across our prospect no more. They have taken wing to their native north, where they may croak yet a little while over the cold and crumbling altars of Odin and Thor. The steadfast light of the Gospel has penetrated even to those last haunts of Paganism, and the fierce race with which we have been so long familiar begin to change their natures, under its benign influence.

Although both the scalds and chroniclers of the North frequently refer to Ireland as a favorite theatre of their heroes, we derive little light from those of their works which have yet been made public. All connexion between the two races had long ceased, before the first scholars of the North began to investigate the earlier annals of their own country, and then they were content with a very vague and general knowledge of the western island, for which their ancestors had so fiercely contended throughout so many generations. The oldest maps, known in Scandinavia, exhibit a mere outline of the Irish coast, with a few points in the interior; fiords, with Norse names, are shown, answering to Loughs Foyle, Swilly, Larne, Strang*ford*, and Carling*ford*; the Provincial lines of Ulster and of Connaught are also traced; and the situation of Enniskillen, Tara, Dublin, Glendaloch, Water*ford*, Limer*ick*, and Swer*wick*, is accurately shown. It is thought that all those places ending in *wick* or *ford*, on the Irish map, are of Scandinavian origin; as well as the names of the islets, Skerries, Lambey, and Saltees. Many noble families, as the Plunkets, McIvers, Archbalds, Harolds, Stacks, Skiddies, and McAuliffes, are derived from the same origin.

During the contest we have endeavored to describe, three hundred and ten years had passed since the warriors of Lochlin first landed on the shores of Erin. Ten generations, according to the measured span of adult life, were born, and trained to arms and marshalled in battle, since the enemy, "powerful on sea," first burst upon the shield-shaped Isle of Saints. At the close of the eighth century we cast back a grateful retrospect on the Christian ages of Ireland. Can we do so now, at the close of the eleventh? Alas! far from it. Bravely and in the main successfully as the Irish have borne themselves, they come out of that cruel, treacherous, interminable war with many rents and stains in that vesture of innocence in which we saw them arrayed at the close of their third Christian century. Odin has not conquered, but all the worst vices of warfare—its violence, its impiety, discontent, self-indulgence, and contempt for the sweet paths of peace and mild counsels of religion—these must and shall remain, long after Dane and Norwegian have forever disappeared!

(To be continued.)

DR. CAHILL'S LETTER.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND THE CONTINENTAL ARMAMENTS.

Twelve years ago the thrones and the religion of southern Europe were menaced with a catastrophe unparalleled in modern history. A conspiracy which extended from the Mediterranean to the British Channel, and from the Douro to the Danube, was organized, matured, and perfected, with the avowed object of overthrowing Catholicity, effacing Monarchy, and establishing Republicanism and Rationalism in Italy, Austria, France, and the Spanish Peninsula. These statements would appear incredible, or immeasurably exaggerated, if they were not infallibly sustained by facts and documents of the most rigid authenticity. In the year ending 1846 there were not less than seventy-five thousand conspirators collected in Switzerland alone; the city of Berne and the neighboring towns literally swarmed with emissaries from Hungary, Poland, Naples, all Italy and France. One should doubt this extravagant number being collected together in one small territory, if we had not evidence of strict accuracy of this statistical fact before us, in the peremptory command of the Emperor Napoleon, where he mentions the danger of these hostile conspirators residing on the borders of France, expresses the precise number already quoted, and orders their immediate removal from the Swiss territory. The sworn confederates of this infidel band were spread with secret and skilful caution through all Southern Europe; and they filled Vienna, Paris, Naples, and all the minor towns, with such a number of partizans as avoided detection, but which, at a given signal from head-quarters, would be ready to rush from their hiding places, and with burning brands and drawn swords fill these cities with slaughter and devastation. This short outline is a mere skeleton description of the terrific explosive materials which were prepared in Europe in the year 1846; and the fact, which the future historian will note, as the event next in order to this universal conspiracy, is the singular Providence which defeated this destructive combination, restored present peace, and laid a sure foundation for the future stability of order, morality, and religion.

The events which have been crowded into the history of Southern Europe within the last *twelve years* are higher in constitutional importance, more remarkable in social results, and more astounding in Democratic daring, infidel project, and criminal confederacy, than all the facts which have filled the records of the *last century*. Switzerland has been humbled in the dust; the imposture of Kossuth has been detected; the intentions of Hungary have been unmasked; the Red Republicans have been crushed; the English Cabinet anti-Catholic conspiracy has been exposed; the Protestant alliance has been defeated; the Neapolitan and Rome cut-throats have been forced to sue for mercy; the European Thrones have been rescued from sanguinary Republicanism; and the Chair of Peter has been surrounded by rival nations to protect Pio Nono from the stratagems of revolutionary assassins. Europe has had time enough, within the last twelve years, to reflect on the causes which have produced this revolutionary spirit throughout her southern territories; and a bitter experience has taught her that an incurable jealousy of her Catholic royalty, her exclusive family alliances, her orthodox institutions; and an undying hatred of her unchanging creed have made the Protestant Northern Cabinets the avowed originators and the inappeasable accomplices in the treason and infidelity under consideration in the present historical review.

The present prodigious armaments of France and Austria have been produced from this northern treachery with the rigid logical sequence of cause and effect; and all the expense of the impending war on a large scale; and all the national irritation between two great empires; and if conflict shall follow, all the blood that will be spilled, are to be placed to the guilty account of those parties who have *generated* the national discontent which has called forth these menacing and appalling sanguinary results. Italy being, from the number of its small independent principalities and duchies, the weakest part of Catholic Europe; and Rome being the residence of the Pope, and the centre of Catholic unity, this territory had been selected by the conspirators as their first point of attack. The papal authority once crushed, and the heart of Europe in their possession, they calculated Hungary, Switzerland, and the red accomplices of France could easily accomplish the remaining task sketched by their leaders in the North. But they miscalculated somewhat the place where this wicked campaign was to have commenced. Chance had shifted it to Italy; but circumstances had almost transferred it to Switzerland. When Napoleon ordered the seventy-five thousand confederates to depart from Switzerland *within ten days*, they begged a longer time, as they dare not pass through France, nor could they attempt to cross the Rhine into Prussia or Austria. In these several cases (they declared) they would be seized as rebels and sent to the galleys or shot. The Swiss Diet here interfered, and called on Napoleon for a solution of these difficulties.

He replied that they could travel to England through Belgium, and still sternly adhered to the peremptory period of *ten days*. In the meantime the Belgian Cabinet remonstrated, and stated that they could not permit so large a number of dangerous men and foreign conspirators to pass through the Belgian nation. Whereupon the Emperor, on the SIXTH DAY, sent an autograph letter to Leopold, King of the Belgians, in the following words—namely, "That his Majesty need feel no apprehension of the passage of these foreigners through his kingdom, as in case of fear or *refusal* he was prepared *to send an army into Belgium* to conduct them to the shore." It need hardly be stated that the Swiss guests departed immediately for England and America! Switzerland, therefore, was very nearly being made the theatre of war between France and the conspirators; new relations alone with Austria have transferred the battle-ground to central Italy. But the present Continental quarrel is still not precisely the result of any national impolicy on the part of the contending parties. It is the palpable consequence of foreign enemies setting fire to the cities of Rome and Naples, thus necessitating the interference of two neighboring empires to extinguish the flames of these malicious incendiaries; and in their imperial rivalry to restore order and confidence, *a new unexpected quarrel has arisen for individual supremacy* during this work of defeating English perfidy, restoring Italian peace, consolidating constitutional monarchy, and guarding the crown and the interests of the successor of Peter from infidel assault.

Whatever may be the final result of the stupendous war preparations between Austria and France, it is certain that the Catholic Church in the South of Europe, and therefore all over the world, has not, since the days of Charlemagne, been placed in a position of greater national security, or a higher official pre-eminence. The Catholic Continent is now paying dearly for their folly in permitting the infidel stratagems to take such deep root in their several states; and like a city which has providentially escaped the horrors of malicious burning, sentinels will be placed in future (if I may so speak) at all the gates of Europe, to expel the incendiary wherever he makes his appearance, and to protect the nations from the awful scourge which their past neglect had raised for their unexpected chastisement. Austria, at the present time, watches the English Correspondent at Vienne, as England watches Nena Sahib in India; Naples would not permit an Englishman to hold any position within her kingdom in reference to schools or education of any kind; and France has made her educational policy still more stringent within the last year, with a view to meet the danger of foreign spies, who, under the guise of preaching the Gospel, spread abroad irreligion and revolution. The Spanish Peninsula has carefully disengaged herself from the slavery sought to be put on her by England; and the whole face of Catholic Europe is thus washed clean from the foul excrescence of an unscrupulous political and religious latitudinarianism. The proof of these statements of mine will be found in the Bible meetings to be held next May in Exeter Hall and elsewhere. The reader will then learn that no foreign missions will be sent to the South of Europe, or no Bibles distributed beyond the salt mines of Cornwall. We shall hear no more stories of young *blind* Papist girls, after being reformed in the Protestant faith, "reading the Gospel of King James by drawing their *tongues* gently over the print in the inspired page! nor shall the Irish people be astounded by learning from some itinerant Biblical from New Zealand that the Catholics there drink holy water at their breakfast; that the priests there give leave to the people to commit any sin they please, for the sum of two shillings and four pence! and that the Virgin Mary is worshipped above the Trinity!"

Neither will the Irish people be disgusted with the old huge lie "that thousands of Protestant Bibles, and tens of thousands of tracts are annually circulated by the Bible Societies amongst the Catholics of Ireland." As well might these jugglers assert that the Catholics of Ireland make their tea for breakfast from tobacco leaves, eat oak bark and hemlock for their dinner, and take their supper from living snails with the shells on them. The simple proof that the peasantry of Ireland neither receive or possess Protestant Bibles is the fact that *Catholic Bibles* are sold in the shops of the principal Catholic booksellers, and are bought and read at pleasure by the Irish Catholic people. Since the very beginning of human history there never has been told such a huge, monstrous, stupendous, thrilling, imperturbable, multitudinous lie, as the old lie of the circulation of the Protestant Bible in Ireland—wherefore I have given a challenge three years ago on the following points, viz.:

Firstly, tell the name of *any one Catholic* in Ireland who has in his possession a Protestant Bible.

Secondly, tell the name of *any one Catholic in Ireland* who has read one page of a Protestant Bible.

Thirdly, tell the name of *any one Catholic* in Ireland who has seen *any other one Catholic* in Ireland read it, receive it, or keep it.

This challenge exposes the incredible juggle, the ancient swindle of those emissaries who state that the Irish people receive their Bibles; and whose word, if true, would go to prove that the Bibles distributed since the year 1824 are so numerous that they would be sufficient to *thatch the houses* of the peasantry and to *cover the territorial surface of the nation*. This sickening imposture will be no longer heard of; and the future Bible meetings will be entirely employed in sending bibles and preachers to Delhi, Lucknow, Cawnpore, and to all the other districts in India where the Biblical reputation of England is so much admired and respected!

The present threatening aspect of war between France and Austria will, it is confidently stated in the highest quarters, be changed very soon into a satisfactory solution to both parties; and the Catholic Church, like a noble ship that has rode out the storm, and spreads her triumphant canvass above the still agitated murmuring deep, can proudly look from her secure pre-eminent position on the vanishing discontent which surrounds the Vatican, and rejoice that the infidel passions which were lashed into fury, are gradually subsiding into calm reflection, and peaceful submission. A long and happy future is, therefore, likely to succeed the past violent disturbance, leaving mankind wiser and happier, and religion more exalted and secure.

D. W. C.

LATEST IRISH NEWS.

Antrim.

Mr. Hugh C. Clarke put up for sale, by auction, the farm called Anna's Grove, in the townland of Ballybought, barony of Belfast. The farm contains 68a. 3r. 0p., plantation measure, or 111a. 1r. 18p., statute measure, held under lease from January, 1827, for lives renewable for ever, at the yearly rent of £8 19s. 6d., and subject to £1 8s. 3d. in lieu of tithe. The following is a statement of the biddings: Mr. Alexander Johns, £2,000; Mr. Connolly Sherrard, £2,500, £2 800, £3,000, £3 200, £3 300; Mr. George Smith, £2,700, £2,850, £3,100, £3,250. The property was bought in at £3,600, the reserved price.

A trotting match, for £10 a side, came off on Saturday, 19th March, between a bay mare belonging to William Pentland, and a dun mare, the property of Thomas Fair, both car-owners in Belfast. The distance was from Belfast to Carrickfergus and back, a distance altogether of sixteen miles, and each of the mares drew an outside car with four passengers, besides the driver. Mr. Pentland's mare was the winner by twenty minutes, performing the journey there and back in an hour and twenty minutes.

A fire broke out in the wholesale wine and spirit store of Mr. Peter Keegan, Calendar street, Belfast. The fire brigade, with two engines, immediately proceeded to the spot. The injury done by the flame is inconsiderable; but a large quantity of wine, which was in open vats on the second floor, has been much deteriorated in value by the water from the engines. The damage is fully covered by insurance.

Carlow.

On Wednesday, 23d March, the Rev. (?) A. Gavazzi favored the lovers of the erratic with a lecture on Italy, in our Assembly-Rooms. The gathering of ladies and gentlemen who take special delight in hearing good round abuse of all the crowned heads of Italy, the Pope, of course, included, and Victor Emmanuel excepted, was, it is stated, tolerably large. We presume the Anglicanized Signor ekes out a pretty subsistence by hawking about his stock-in-trade of mis-statements and libels. Protestants rarely excuse themselves for being absent from their places of worship on Sundays and such few holidays as the Reformation broom has not swept away—but not to be present at a lecture or a homily delivered by an apostate priest, would be downright heresy. A holding forth of this kind furnishes Scriptural gossip and proselytising pabulum for a twelvemonth or more, and all the ladies of a certain age, as well as those of no age whatever, find ample store of entertainment at their bible-meetings and other pious rendezvous, in the wonderful tales of superstition, idolatry, and ignorance narrated to them by such worthies as the peripatetic *padre*. Much good may his apostate reverence do them, say we! Fools and their money, as the saying goes, are soon parted; and surely no money was ever more sillily squandered than on this belier of all that good men honor, venerate and worship. —*Post.*

Galway.

The firebrand Gavazzi arrived in Galway on Saturday, the 26th of March. On the same evening he lectured at the school in Merchants'-road. The subject of course was Italy and the Papacy, and the usual ardent declamation marked his course. His auditory was of the lowest class, and a considerable number of boys who assembled in the neighborhood of the conventicle kept up a chorus of shouting. Next day the apostle of discord proceeded through the city accompanied by Mr. Brownrigg, and met with rather a warm reception. The region is much too Catholic for these brothers, and the people wont have any reviling of the Pope and the Catholic religion by such missionary twins. The saints were roughly handled, and Gavazzi was obliged to take refuge in the police-barracks. In his lecture he threatened Galway that he would cry down the locality in England as being unfit for a packet-station. This piece of volunteered nonsense, as well as No-Popery oratory, has had the effect of arousing such an amount of popular feeling against the propagandist, that a number of Protestant clergymen and Scripture readers who were assembled with Gavazzi, were hooted and pelted at with stones, sods of turf, and every description of missiles. The Rev. Messrs. Ashe, Caldwell, Lewis, and M'Manus received very severe treatment. A Scripture-reader received two blows of stones in the head; he took refuge in a shop, but the cries of the mob were so violent that he was ejected into the street, and under the shelter of a single policeman ran for his life to the police-barrack. The Rev Mr. Caldwell ran off through the crowd, and getting a little in advance of them found shelter within the county jail. In the meantime Gavazzi, who had taken shelter somewhere that no one knew where but himself, issued forth, and, accompanied by a clergyman, made a race out towards the west, for the residence of the Rev. Mr. Brownrigg, and was hotly pursued by the great body of the infuriated crowd; but he had made his appearance in retreat before they had heard of it. As soon as they did, they rushed down in that direction; but by the judicious arrangements of the police authorities they were effectually cut off from pursuing him, which if they had succeeded in doing the results would have been desperate, if not fatal. Forty policemen, with fixed bayonets, were drawn across the end of Dominick street, adjoining Bridge street, one facing in the direction of Claddagh to prevent the wild denizens of that locality from joining the populace in town; the other facing into town to prevent the pursuit of Gavazzi. Fortunately, the woodenbridge was closed of access from the west, the draw-bridge being out of repair, and it is thought Gavazzi is safely housed at the hour we write. The Rev. Mr. Maunsell escaped without hurt, though he was obliged to be escorted home. Where all the others have taken shelter we have not ascertained. The disturbance seems now nearly over, at the hour we are going to press, but the excitement continues very high.—*Vindicator.*

Limerick.

The Limerick *Reporter* says the Newcastle Orange Lottery for £100 was decided on Lady Day. No. 584 took the prize; John O'Callaghan, an humble tradesman in the town, was the lucky owner. It is somewhat interesting that this poor man whose means are scanty, and whose progress in his small business was retarded by want of pecuniary resources, felt reluctant to speculate, but influenced by zeal for the object and on the advice of friends, he ventured, and thus, through the gift of fortune or rather of kind Providence, is rewarded for the sacrifice he made, and has acquired the means of comfort for himself and family.

We (Limerick *Reporter*) deeply regret to record the melancholy death of Michael P. Russell, Esq., J. P., of Ballinavola, who was killed by a fall on his head, from his horse, whilst hunting with Captain Roche's hounds, at Ballygibbon Cross, between Kilmallock and Athlacca. Mr. Russell was highly popular and greatly esteemed, and at Charleville races on the previous day he was one of tha most active men on the course. He was son-in-law of Daniel Clanchy, Esq., D. L., Charleville, and leaves a sorrowing family to lament their premature bereavement.

A pipe maker who had been in the employment of Mr. Garvey, T. C., Limerick, named James Lynch, died suddenly while standing in his employer's store. He had been suffering for some time from bronchitis, and had left Barrington'sHospitol under the impression that he was sufficiently recovered to return to his work. He left a wife and two or three children.

Louth.

Some of the lords of the soil are recurring to their old practices. Some time ago we described how Mr. Michael Chester treated Mr. Stephen Feehan relative to his Kilsaran farm, and how he deprived him of it, although he was willing to pay an increased rent. Mr. Chester, like other great and wonderful men, was "resolved to do what he liked with his own," and in wielding his power, he insisted that Mr. Feehan, a man fully as respectable as himself, should go out, in order that another might be taken in. We have now to allude to another exploit of Mr Chester which has reference to a tenant of his named Peter Markey, a man of excellent character, who holds a few acres of land on Mr Chester's property at Williamstown, in the parish of Kilsarin. Peter Markey's father and grandfather occupied this small farm in their time, and built a house on it, but it now appears Mr. Chester wants to remove the present tenant. That astonishing young man, Mr. Finlay Chester, called on Peter Markey some days since, and demanded the rent due on the 1st of May next! There was an account between them which, when properly settled, would leave Peter Markey about £5 in his landlord's debt on the 1st of May, 1859. The tenant declined, very naturally, paying the rent till it should be due, and Master Finlay told him that he would bring the sheriff to the place and put him out. Master Finlay took his departure without the rent due on the 1st of next May, and the next visit Peter Markey received was from the steward of Mr. Chester, who entered into conversation with him, "for the purpose of picking him." And in a few days after the bailiff came and served a notice to quit on Peter Markey. Now, if this is the example a Catholic landlord gives his neighbors, the sooner he learns the views entertained by his Church on such matters, the better for him. We wonder how Mr. Chester can eat his meals and grow so fat as he is, whilst pursuing such conduct. It appears to us that he relies on his money to bear him over all these deeds in safety, but money will be of little avail when he is summoned before the bar of divine justice to give an account of his actions. —*Dundalk Democrat.*

On the North East Circuit the judges generally have easy times of it till they cross the Ulster border; and then in that Protestant and Presbyterian land, they meet a state of society in which crimes of the most wicked description come to light. They soon find that in Ulster, shooting, stabbing, the use of the savage's bludgeon, and various other heinous offences are prevalent, and that the province of "new lights" and bible-readers is the most lawless and immoral not only in Ireland, but the whole world. We gave a mass of assizes intelligence in connection with the counties of Monaghan and Armagh, in which the reader found scenes described which fully justify our observation. The trial of M'Clure in Monaghan discloses a savage propensity rarely to be met with even in those regions where the wild, untutored Indian is lord of the creation. But even worse than this appeared at the assizes of Armagh. Nothing now suits the "Protestant Boys" of Ulster in their savage and barbarous affrays but the knife; and they stab right and left with this weapon, maiming every "Papist" within their reach. But what is still worse, they manage somehow or other to escape the punishment due to their barbarities. We pity the Catholics who live amongst such brutal barbarians. They reside amongst a den of miscreants who care for no law, human or divine. These brutal men have been brought up in base bigotry, and were taught not to love their neighbors as themselves, but to abhor the Catholics, and to damage them in soul and body, property and character, whenever they found an opportunity for doing so. They are a scandal to Ireland, and a disgrace to the whole of mankind.—*Ibid.*

The Commission of the Peace for the county of the town of Drogheda has been conferred on Thomas Hammond, of Sheephouse. The Lord Chancellor has also appointed Ralph Smith, Green Hills, to the Commission of the Peace for the borough of Drogheda.

Mayo.

Nothing gives us more real pleasure than recording praiseworthy deeds at the hands of our nobility and gentry; and the people, whom it is our privilege to represent, read nothing with more delight than that which redounds to the honor and credit of the old aristocracy of the country. There is something in ancient descent and ancient family that enlist the sympathies of the masses. These golden ties we should never desire to see broken; on the contrary, our every effort is to strengthen them. Holding these views, it gives us much gratification to learn that Lord Kilmaine has granted the site for a new Parish Chapel at the Neal; and, further, promised a munificent contribution to help on the pious undertaking. This is worthy of the lord of the soil, creditable to the donor, and a bright example to other noblemen. To this princely offering on the part of Lord Kilmaine, the respected Parish Priest, the Rev. E. Waldron, has added £100 as his own subscription, which, with another hundred at the hands of the illustrious Archbishop of Tuam, will suffice to commence the good work.—*Telegraph.*

At a recent petty sessions in Ballina, Constables Price and Waters, of Ballinagar station, prosecuted two men of the name of Croneen and M'Kenna, for drying malt for the purposes of illicit distillation. They were each convicted in the penalty of £8, or three months' imprisonment.—*Ibid.*

Tipperary.

A number of the friends of Lawrence Counsel, Esq., entertained him at a champagne dinner, at O'Shea's hotel, Thurles, previous to his removal to London. The office of Supervisor of Excise has for four years past been filled by Mr. Counsel, at the Holycross district, in a manner which, while in accordance with every obligation of duty, was characteristic of the greatest urbanity. Those qualities won him troops of friends, who were anxious to pay him a compliment on his departure from amongst them. The chair on this occasion was occupied by George Bourke, Esq., Solicitor, of Liscahill, and the vice chair by Thomas O'Meara, Esq., coroner. The dinner was furnished by Mr. T. Ryan, O'Shea's hotel, and consisted of all the luxuries of the season.—*Free Press.*

Waterford.

A telegraphic message from Waterford announces the death of the Marquis of Waterford, while hunting, on Tuesday, 29th March. The mournful intelligence will carry sorrow into many a household. He was devoted to his country, and spent his princely income in encouraging field sports, to which he was ardently attached, and in pursuing which he unfortunately lost his life. He rarely troubled the House of Lords, for he was no politician, and he took little interest in public questions. His loss may truly be described as national, for no man of the present generation contributed more to make Ireland the residence of her noblemen and gentry by spending his fortune at home, and affording an example of true patriotism by giving back to his native country what he derived from its industry. With the principles of his tenantry he never interfered. They were always free to choose their own side in politics. Though he had a sumptuous residence in Northumberland, Ford Castle, on the historic Border, he preferred Curraghmore. His income was very large, and he lived up to, but never exceeded, it. The whole was spent in Ireland. The Marquis was born in 1811, and succeeded to the Marquisate on the decease of his father in 1826. He married the daughter of Lord Stuart de Rothsay in 1842, by whom he left no issue. The successor to the title and estates is the Hon. and Rev. John Beresford, at present incumbent of a parish in the county of Wicklow. The meet was at Castlemorris, county Kilkenny, and more than one hunt had taken place, when, at Corbally, midway between Castlemorris and Carrick-on-Suir, in leaping a small fence, half bank half wall, not much more than two feet high, the Marquis's horse missed its hind legs on the bank and dropped his fore legs into a small cut on the other side of the bank, which threw the animal on its knees and nose, so that his lordship was thrown off on his head apparently without much force or violence. He lay on his face, his hunting cap having a dinge in the top, but their being no cut or bruise on the head. On being lifted up he was placed in a sitting position, but entirely unconscious, and never after spoke. He lived for about ten minutes, and the only sign of life given was, that he drew up one leg and sighed. Immediately after this, however, Dr. O'Rian, of Carrick-on-Suir, who had been engaged in the hunt, was in attendance, and pronounced life had become extinct. Death resulted from concussion of the brain. The fearfully sad intelligence was broken to the Marchioness, who awaited his returning; but who can describe her feelings as she listened to the suppressed grief, and the strange, stifled sounds in the court yard below on that painful occasion. It is supposed that the mortal remains of the deceased lord will be interred in the family vault at Clonegam churchyard, on the estate.—*Clonmel Chronicle.*

On Monday evening, 21st of March, a lecture was delivered to the members of the St. Patrick's branch of the Waterford Catholic Young Men's Society, by Thomas Meagher Esq., J. P., on Waterford, and the Proofs of Past and Present Ages on the Catholic Character of that City. The lecture was delivered in the handsome hall of the Society in George's st., which was filled in every part by the members. Mr. Meagher having prefaced his discourse by a short and interesting reference to the history of Rome, came to the early history of Ireland, and having glanced through it, proposed to propound the subject of his lecture, which in its nature was to show by various proofs the essentially Catholic character of the city of Waterford in all ages. Mr. Meagher alluded to the Catholic edifices for worship and for charity, for healing of the sick, and for the refuge of the poor, existing in the early ages in the city. The lecturer alluded to the Leper Hospital as one of those institutions. This establishment had the lands of Leperstown attached, and was at present deriving an income of more than £1,000 a year. It originally stood in Stephen street, to which locality it gave the name, as it was placed under the care of the monks of the order of St. Stephen. The lecturer then came to the dark days of the persecution of the Catholic Church, by which all our beautiful religious edifices were lost to us, and observed that a cloud was seen to rise, not in the West but in the East, which soon enlarged and covered in darkness the bright picture which he had endeavored to describe to them. His object was not to advert to the penal laws for the purpose of exciting a bitter feeling of indignation against them and their consequences, only to create a better feeling, if he could; but the result of those laws was that almost all the churches which he had named to them as existing in this city for Catholic worship were lost to them. They had then the Church of the Holy and Undivided Trinity, the Church of the Saviour, and the Church of the Holy Ghost, the Church of Our Lady, the Churches of St. Peter, St. Michael, St. John, St. Stephen, and St. Patrick. Those laws came, and no longer had they a Church of the Trinity, of our Lady, of St. Peter or St. Michael, or St. John; there remained but that of St. Patrick's, all the rest being taken by the new worshippers. Mr. Meagher concluded a very interesting address, which was listened to throughout with the deepest attention, by feelingly and impressively pointing out to his youthful hearers the solemn duty imposed on them as Catholics to treasure the priceless gift of faith handed down to them by their forefathers, who preserved it undimmed in the years of persecution in which they lived, and the equally strong obligation which was imposed upon them of handing it down as pure and untainted to those who were to come after them.—*News.*

The origin of the old proverb, "*By Hook or by Crook,*" is said to have been first used at the period the Anglo-Normans took possession of Waterford. On the approach of the English shipping towards Waterford harbor, one or two places on the shore was considered to be of great importance to the invaders, the one guarding the entrance to the river, the other close to the city walls. After Strongbow's survey of the shore he inquired the name of the places he had pointed out, and was answered, "The Tower of Hook and the Church of Crook;" then, he replied, we must take the town by "*Hook or by Crook;*" these words afterwards passed into a proverb as applicable to obtaining anything; *when* a failure in a legitimate way arose, it became a saying, we must have it by "Hook or by Crook."

Wexford.

The Wexford *Independent* says: "Within the memory of that wonderfully old man, who, like the 'Wandering Jew,' never dies, it has been his decision in Wexford that the oyster season of 1858–9 was never equalled, certainly never surpassed, in abundant supply. On the first opening day, boats came up to our quays with—instead of some 8,000 or 10,000 oysters —with 60,000 and even over. The poor fishermen thought they had discovered an oysterland-California, or Australia, or a Frazer River inexhaustibility. Unfortunately for them, the increased supply did not increase the damand —and the result was, that oysters sold then and almost up to the present hour at prices ranging to buyers for mere household wants from 8d. to 10d. for 120—for inferior qualities as low as 3d. per 120. Now they are exported by scores of tons by steamers, and sent to be laid down in Dublin, Carlingford, Jersey, and we know not on how many other beds—from which real 'gourmands' alone can get 'real natives' —at 1s. 6d. the thousand."

The large barque, mentioned in our last, (says the Wexford *Independent,*) as having ran ashore at Tacumshane, proves to be the Fleetwood, of Glasgow, 560 tons register, Capt. Henry Allen, from Girgenti, in Sicily, to Glasgow, having on board 500 tons of sulphur, in bulk, and 100 bales of madder root. A large portion of the cargo washed on shore was collected, and about seventy bales of madder, weighing 8 cwt. each, have been brought into Wexford. Another fine barque ran aground near the new pier of Kilmore. She is the Nemesis, of Belfast, register 347 tons, Captain George Barclay, bound from Alexandria to Belfast, and laden with Egyptian wheat. The vessel lying on fair ground, there are great hopes that, having discharged a part of the cargo, she will be got off.

A serious and extensive fire was discovered raging in the out-offices of Mr. Andrew Furlong, of Crosstown, on the opposite side of the river and within a short distance of Wexford. The houses being all thatched and connected, the fire soon wrapt all, six in number, in its devouring embrace, consuming a quantity of potatoes and other property, before assistance could be rendered by the police and people, who flocked to the scene. Their exertions, however, saved the dwelling house, which was in imminent danger, as the flames burned up to within two yards of it. There seems to be no reasonable cause assigned for the disaster.

CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

The Black Abbey of Kilkenny.—We are truly happy to learn that the illustrious order of Friars Preachers, aided by the spirited citizens of Kilkenny, are about restoring to its pristine beauty the ancient Church of the Priory of the Holy Trinity, commonly called the "Black Abbey of Kilkenny." Founded in the thirteenth century, it never has, we believe, passed entirely out of the hands of the children of St. Dominick. The "Black Abbey" in the days of its perfection must have ranked perhaps as the very first monastic church in the kingdom for size, while for beauty it was probably exceeded by none, and for uniqueness of plan stood alone and unrivalled. The cloister garden may yet be seen, and the outlines of many of the buildings traced by an experienced ecclesiologist. The ancient choir has altogether disappeared, so has the aisle or nave, but the foundations of the latter have recently been laid bare. The roof is gone from the nave, and the only parts now in anything like habitable preservation are—the south transept and its aisles, which are used as the present conventual church. They are, even in their present forlorn condition, extremely beautiful. Nearly the entire of the south gable is filled with a magnificent traceried window of five lights, of the period of the fourteenth century. The east side of the transept has a series of three light traceried windows of about half a century later than the south window. Mr. J. J. M'Carthy, Dublin, has made an accurate survey of the church and all the surrounding grounds, and is engaged in making plans for the entire restoration. Far beyond the precincts of Kilkenny the work of the restoration of the Black Abbey will have many a sympathizer, both amongst Catholics and liberal-minded Protestants, who wish for the preservation of the historical monuments of their country.—*Kilkenny Journal.*

The New Catholic Church, Aberdeen.—The erection of a new church was commenced in Aberdeen last year. A corrrspondent of the *Glasgow Free Press* says: "It had been announced that on the 16th March the Pontifical ceremony of laying the foundation-stone was to take place, and this created no little excitement in the public at large, as well as in our own congregation. At twelve o'clock, the streets between the new building and St. Peter's were filled with large bodies of people, and many windows were likewise filled with persons too religious to join in any Catholic service, but so sight-loving that they resolved to have a view of a Popish procession. I am very sorry that those good people were disappointed, there being no procession through the streets. However, with an area of 150 feet by 69, and enclosed by good substantial walls 20 feet high, 300 scholars (boys and girls), and apprentices of the brotherhood of St. Vincent de Paul, all dressed in their uniforms, and bearing their religious banners, were arranged in appropriate places. There were also within the grounds about 1,200 people, a large number of whom were Protestants, whose conduct was very edifying. The children having sung a sweet hymn of invocation to the Holy Ghost to come down and bless the work which had been commenced, the Rev. John Strain delivered an address. After the discourse, which was listened to with great attention, his lordship and clergy rose to bless the water to be used in the ceremony, and going towards the foundation-stone, began the service, which was minutely followed out according to the Pontifical.

The Eternal City.—A letter from Rome of the 12th of March, says: "The Pope proceeded, on Ash Wednesday, to the Sistine Chapel, to give his benediction, in the usual manner, to the ashes which he received from the hands of the Cardinal acting as first Penitentiary. His Holiness afterwards distributed a portion to all the Cardinals, Archbishops, and Bishops, to several members of the diplomatic corps, the general in command of the French troops, and a number of persons of distinction, and among the rest Queen Christina. It would be difficult to imagine a greater contrast than was presented by the gay appearance of the uniforms and embroidered costumes of a considerable portion of the congregation, and the day of mortification and humility which the *fete* was intended to designate. After the ceremony, the Pope went into the throne-room, where the Archduke Regneir of Austria, the Archduchess Maria, his wife, and the Archduke William were awaiting his arrival. As soon as the Princes saw Pius IX. they threw themselves at his feet with profound respect. The Bishop of Le Mans has arrived at Rome."

Reception.—At the Presentation Convent, Bagenalstown, by the Right Rev. Dr. Walsh, Mary (in religion Sister M. Clare), in the 21st year of her age, daughter of Mr. N. Lyons, of Moanduff, county Limerick.—*Wexford Independent.*

St. Patrick's Day in Rome.—A correspondent of the Dublin *Freeman's Journal*, in a letter dated "Rome, March 19," gives the following account of the celebrations in Rome on St. Patrick's Day: "The festival of our glorious apostle, St. Patrick, was celebrated, as usual, with great solemnity, in the several Irish communities in this city. At the Franciscan Convent of St. Isidore, Father Petcherine, rendered dear to Ireland by his apostolic labors, preached an eloquent panegyric of the saint, after which a collection was made for the support of the establishment. At the Irish College of St. Agatha, his Eminence Cardinal Reisach celebrated an early Mass, and gave Communion to the students; Cardinal Barnabo, Monsigner Bedini, secretary of the Propaganda, and several other distinguished prelates, either celebrated Mass or took part in the festivity. A solemn High Mass was sung in the beautiful style of the immortal Palestrina by the students, at which his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin was the celebrant. The ceremonies were performed by the students with great accuracy and in the most edifying manner. In the evening complin was sung, and the devotions of the day terminated with a devout litany and benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament.

Death of the Very Rev. J. A. Bergin, O.S.F.—We regret exceedingly to record the death of this amiable and exemplary clergyman. The melancholy event took place at the convent of the Franciscan Order, Limerick, and resulted from a malignant fever contracted a short time since in the discharge of the onerous duties of the sacred mission. The Very Rev. deceased had attained his forty-ninth year, twenty-four of which had been devoted to the duties of his holy profession, in the course of which he was twice raised to the distinguished position of President of St. Isidore's, and he had been for many years superior of his order in Limerick.

Newtownbarry.—The Right Rev. Dr. Furlong, aided by the exertions of the Rev. James Perle, C.C., Newtownbarry, has founded in that town a Convent for five nuns from Gorey, of the Order of Loretto. A collection in aid of the above object was made on Sunday, 20 ult., when £50 was subscribed.

A Venerable Orange Tree.—In the garden of the Dominican Convent at Fondi, Naples, is an orange tree which was planted by St. Thomas Aquinas. In October last it was loaded with fruit and very flourishing.

The *Univers*, of the 20th March, contains two important decrees of the Holy Father. One declares the canonization of the Venerable John Baptist de Rossi, Canon of Basilica of St. Maria, in *Cosmetin*, and the other the beatification of the illustrious martyr, John Sarcander, secular priest and cure of Holleshon, in the diocese of Olmutz, who was born at Skoozovia, in Silesia, A. D. 1577; and after enduring violent persecution, and having been subjected to the most cruel torture for his devotion to the Church, and his zeal in defending and preaching the faith, died in prison in 1620. The numerous miracles attesting his sanctity were several years ago brought under the notice of the sacred congregation of rites, but a variety of accidental circumstances have, from time to time, interposed to prevent formal decision being pronounced until now, when it was reserved for the present successor of St. Peter, among other numerous blessings that have been showered upon his Holiness, to declare the beatification of the venerable servant of Christ.

Mgr. Perny, Catholic pro-vicar at Canton, has arrived at Marseilles from Rome. This prelate, who has resided twenty-two years in the extreme east, has adopted the costume of a Chinese mandarin. His head is shaved, and he wears a long tail from the summit of the head. He will leave Marseilles for the Holy Land shortly, and then return to his post.

The New organ for the church of Nenagh was opened with becoming solemnity. High Mass, at which the Right Rev. Dr. Flannery presided, was celebrated with organ accompaniment and choir attending specially from Dublin. A splendid sermon was preached on the Life of St. Patrick, by the Rev. Dr. Barry, of All Hallows College.

The Rev. Francis Prendergast, P.P., most gratefully acknowledges the receipt of £50 from the executors of the late James Furlong, Esq., of Riversdale, and formerly of Scoby, to be applied to the erection and completion of the new parochial Churches of Davidstown and Courtnacuddy.—*Wexford People.*

Arrangements are being made in the "Shields Mission" to obtain the aid of three Sisters from the Holy Society of Notre Dame, at Liverpool, whose services will be confined to the education of female children belonging to the congregation of St. Cuthbert's, Tynemouth. This is a step in the right direction.

A new Church is immediately to be commenced at Ashton-under-Line, under the directions of the Rev. Mr. Combleholme. It is to be dedicated to St. Anne. The Church is intended to be of large dimensions, but extremely simple, as the whole of the funds have to be raised from the working classes.

Thursday, March 17, being the festival of St. Patrick, a grand High Mass was celebrated at St. Patrick's Church, Soho square, London. A most eloquent sermon was also delivered by his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop in commemoration of the event.

On Sunday, 20th of March, his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop commenced his Lent lectures at Moorfields. The subject was "Modern Infidelity," which he illustrated and compared with earlier infidelity.

The chapel lately erected at Merthyr, through the indefatigable zeal and energy of the Rev. Father Sinnott, O. S. P., was opened for Divine worship, on the 17th ult., the feast of Saint Patrick.

Miss Carroll, daughter of Mrs. Carroll, of Dundalk, and niece of the Rev. Mr. Gartlan, P. P., diocese of Clogher, received the white veil in the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy in that town.

By the *Catholic Directory* for 1859, says the London *Tablet*, we see that there are in Great Britain 1,222 Bishops and Priests, and 926 churches, chapels and stations.

His Grace the Archbishop of Tuam, accompanied by the Rev. Eugene Coyne, R. C. A., left town to hold the visitation of the clergy of the deanery of Claremorris.—*Tuam Herald.*

Mdle. Marie de la Rochejacquelin, daughter of the marquis and senator, took the veil not long since in the Convent des Oiseaux. The Bishop of Poitiers officiated.

Captain Anderton intends erecting a Church at Euxton, and has entrusted the work to Mr. Clutton, the eminent London architect, and a convert from Protestantism.

A new Church, in honor of St. Benedict, is about to be built, in the style of the 13th century, from the design of Mr. C. A. Buckler, of Oxford.

Domestic.

Saint Patrick's Cathedral, Hartford, Conn.—This fine structure, situate on the corner of Church and Ann streets, Rev. James Hughes, pastor, was erected in 1851, and was dedicated on the 14th of December, of that year. It is an imposing edifice of Portland stone, built in the Gothic style of architecture, of the early English period, though it can hardly be said to be a pure example of that style. It is built with Nave and Chancel, and pillars dividing the interior into nave and aisles, with a tower rising from the entrance end. This tower is surmounted by a branch spire, covered with slate—which is the only satisfactory method of harmonizing a wooden spire with a stone tower. The Church has an open timbered roof, the finest of all roofs for a Church, though anything but beautiful if badly handled. The stained glass in the windows is very ornamental, and produces a beautiful effect. The large window at the rear of the altar screen is one of excellent design and brilliant arrangement of color. The interior of the edifice is altogether grand and imposing. In its dimensions the Church is large and roomy—seating, we believe, upwards of two thousand people; yet, notwithstanding its capacity, it seems scarcely sufficient to accommodate the large audience which is usually in attendance. The music at St. Patrick's Cathedral is very fine. The powerful, fine-toned organ is well played, and the chants are performed with much expression and feeling. The choir is not large; but some of the voices struck us as very rich and melodious. The soprano, which, upon inquiry, we learned was by Mrs. Gunn, and the alto, by Miss Mary Stevenson, deserved especial praise, and are doubtless very valuable acquisitions to the choir. Although the congregation worshipping at the Cathedral is sufficient to test its utmost capacity, the greatest politeness is invariably extended to strangers.—*Hartford Post.*

New Churches.—Our Catholic brethren in Cincinnati are bestirring themselves in the business of Church building, as we learn from the *Catholic Telegraph* of that city: 1st, the Franciscan Fathers are building a large church on Vine street; 2d, the St. Augustine's Church is being enlarged to double its former capacity; 3d, a new church, of the Holy Angels, is in progress in the 17th Ward; 4th, the new church of the Immaculate Conception is to be commenced without unnecessary loss of time, on the hill back of the Observatory; 5th, the Franciscan Sisters are begging for their new lot and proposed building on Lynn street; 6th, the St. Aloysius German Orphan Society are begging for their fair to be held next month in ths Melodeon. The *Telegraph* adds: "Is not this enough to satisfy any reasonable person that Cincinnati Catholics have enough to do for themselves? And yet what we have stated is not all."

American College in Rome.—Collections have already been taken up in several of the Dioceses of the United States, for the purpose of raising funds sufficient to open the American College in Rome. As far as the returns have reached us, they show this result: Diocese of Baltimore, $2,660; New York, $5,932 88; Pittsburgh, $2,000; Brooklyn, $2,321 46.

Ordination.—The Sacred Order of Sub-deaconship was conferred in the Metropolitan Church, Baltimore, by the Most Rev. Archbishop, on Thursday, 7th inst., on Edward McNerhany, S. J. The same was promoted to Deaconship on Friday, and to Priesthood on Saturday.

Lecture by Rev. Dr. Ryder, S.J.—A lecture will be delivered in St. Joseph's Church, Philadelphia, by this eloquent Divine, on Sunday, May 1st. We hope there will be a large attendance, as the proceeds will be for the benefit of the Conference of St. Vincent de Paul attached to this Church.—*Herald and Visitor.*

Fair.—The Easter Festival and Fair for the benefit of St. Matthew's Church will be held in the Depot Hall, Conshohocken, beginning on Easter Monday, April 25th, and continuing two weeks.—*Ibid.*

St. Michael's Church.—On Sunday, 10th inst., Rt. Rev. John N. Neumann conferred the Sacrament of Confirmation on over 300 persons at St. Michael's Church, of whom 180 were young people.—*Ibid.*

The Right Rev. J. M. Henni, Bishop of Milwaukee, passed a few days of the last week in Cincinnati. The worthy prelate is in the enjoyment of excellent health. Religion flourishes in Wisconsin, which will soon have two more Episcopal Sees, so great have been the increase of population and the growth of Catholics. Bishop Henni proposes to stay a little longer with us in the Fall, on his way to pay his decennial visit to Rome.—*Telegraph.*

The Sisters of the Good Shepherd, New Orleans, gratefully acknowledge the receipt of $63 80 from Right Rev. William Henry Elder, Bishop of Natchez, the amount of a collection taken up by him for their institution.

ARRIVAL OF THE EUROPA—DEFEAT OF THE BRITISH MINISTRY.

By the arrival of the steamship Europa, on Wednesday last, with European advices to the 2d inst., we are put in possession of the following intelligence:

On the 31st March the debate on the Reform Bill was resumed, and the House of Commons presented a scene of great excitement, as it was generally believed that a vote would be taken on Lord John Russell's resolution. 621 members were present, and the galleries were crowded. Sir Robert Peel, Mr. Roebuck and others, spoke in opposition to the Government Bill, and in favor of Russell's amendment, and Mr. Disraeli wound up the debate with an elaborate and impressive speech in defence of the government scheme and in denunciation of Lord John Russell's unprecedented course which—he claimed—prevented the discussion of the measure on its merits, and jumped at once to the details. When he concluded the house divided with the following result: For the amendment (Anti-Ministry) 330; for second reading of the bill (Ministerial measure) 291. Majority against the government 39.

The House then, on motion of Mr. Disraeli, adjourned till Monday, the 4th April.

Various speculations were afloat in regard to the course Ministers would adopt, but it was supposed that nothing definite would transpire until Parliament reassembled on the 4th April.

The steamship *Prince Albert*, which was advertised to leave Galway for St. Johns, N. F., also on the 2d inst., had to be detained for repairs, and her day of departure had been postponed to the 9th.

The steamers belonging to the "Liverpool, New York and Philadelphia Steamship Company," will henceforth make Cork a port of call.

The trial of fifteen persons, charged with being members of the Phœnix Club, commenced at Belfast on the 31st March; and in Kerry on the second trial of Daniel Sullivan, (the Jury being unable to agree on the first occasion,) Sullivan was found guilty and sentenced to ten years' penal servitude.

A despatch from Paris states that, according to reliable intelligence, the Austrian government had refused the proposition that Baden should be the place of meeting for the proposed Congress. The French government is said to have consequently left the choice of the town to Austria, reserving only the condition that it must be in communication with Paris by railway and telegraph.

The Dresden journal states that the five powess may be regarded as having agreed to the preliminaries of the Congress, that the day of meeting will probably be April 30th, but that the place of meeting remains unsettled.

Ladies can find patterns of the latest fashions at that great emporium of fashion, Madame Laycock's, 334 Canal street. Madame L. will cut dresses or make them up in the latest fashion.

IRISH DEATHS.

On the 26th ult., at 43 Grand Parade, Cork, Mary Anne, wife of Captain J. P. Berry.

On the 25th ult., at 73 Upper Gardiner street, Dublin, of disease of the heart, Anastatia, relict of Thomas Byrne, of Ballybehill House, county Dublin.

On the 23d ult., at Carriganeer, Skibbereen, Thos. St. John Clerke.

At Chapelizod, Mr. James Coffee, late of the Queen's Bench Office.

In Roscommon, of congestion of the brain, John Cusack, solicitor.

On the 24th ult., in Liverpool, Mr. Owen Tudor Davies, son of Captain Thomas Davies, of the City of Dublin Steam Packet Company.

On the 26th ult., at his residence, No. 40 Hardwicke street, Dublin, J. P. Delany.

At 4, Margaret place, Dublin, Guiscard Henry de Moleyns, J.P., and grandson of the late Captain the Hon. R. de Moleyns, of Dingle, county Kerry.

At Kilgobbin, county Limerick, quite suddenly, of apoplexy, Francis Fosberry.

On the 24th ult., Samuel Jones, J.P., Ardbear House, Clifden, county Galway, late of Clonmel, county Tipperary, in his 64th year.

On the 22d ult., Mr. Robert Kennedy, brewer, formerly of Comber, aged 79.

On the 30th ult., at Seapoint, after a long illness, John Maddock, late proprietor of the Peafield Baths, Blackrock, county Dublin.

On the 15th ult., deeply regretted, Denis, second son of the late Donat M'Namara, of Coroñn, co. Clare.

On the 25th ult., at his residence, in Churchtown, county Cork, the Rev. David O'Leary, P.P., Liscarroll and Churchtown, in the 64th year of his age, and 40th of his ministry.

On the 25th ult., suddenly, Mary Poole, of Penbroke road, relict of Lieutenant Colonel Poole, of the 39th regiment, and daughter of the late Edward Deane Freeman, of Castlecor, county Cork.

On the 25th ult., at the Royal Hotel, Glengariffe, at the early age of 36 years, William Roche, the respected proprietor of that establishment, and of the Mucross Hotel, Killarney.

On the Lower Glanmire road, Cork, Jane, wife of Mr. John L. Ryder.

On the 28th ult., the Rev. Hugh Ward, C.C., Denn, Kilmore, county Cavan, in the 34th year of his age. The deceased was a graduate of Maynooth, and possessed talent and ability in an eminent degree, and his literary acquirements were varied and extensive.

Harriette, eldest daughter of John Wilkinson, of Curtistown, near Kilmessan, county Meath.

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

ENGLAND.

THE GLORIOUS (!) BRITISH CONSTITUTION.—The following recital carries the mind back to the days of Nero and Caligula, and to the enormities perpetrated by these monsters in Rome. The scene of the modern atrocity, however, happens not to be in Rome, but in the city of London, the chief actors the Lord Mayor (Wise) and a few of his myrmidons, their victim a poor but industrious Irish girl. Here are the details: "Mary Ann Donovan, a poorly-clad but clean and good-looking Irish girl, aged 18, was charged with obstructing the footway in Cornhill, by offering combs for sale. The policeman who took her into custody said he had warned her to keep away from the place, but as she persisted in keeping on the footway, he told her he should take her to the station, whereupon she laid herself down in the roadway, and he was compelled to get assistance to take her off, and she had abused him in the most violent terms. The prisoner indignantly denied that she had annoyed any one, and asserted that she was not upon the footway at all. The other policeman who came up only said that he had seen her on the ground. The prisoner said she had as much right upon the footway as any one else, and as to the constable, he abused her every time he saw her, and he had kicked her so that her leg was covered with bruises. She said if his lordship knew all he had done she was sure he would give him six months. The Lord Mayor—You must not come into the city to sell your combs, for you are liable to 40s., or one month's imprisonment, for doing so. Why do you not try to get an honest living? Prisoner—I do try, and you stop me. I often stay about the streets all day to sell my combs, and only gain a few pence. I cannot take a shop, and yet if I sell in the streets you say I am liable to 40s., or a month; if I beg you will give me three months, perhaps; and if I steal, I don't know what will become of me; so tell me, if you can, what a poor girl can do? I suppose you think I might go upon the streets; but that I'll never do as long as I live. The Lord Mayor—There are many ways of getting an honest living. At all events, you must keep out of the city. As you have been here before for the same offence, I must send you to prison for fourteen days. Committed accordingly."

CURIOUS ANECDOTE.—The following remarkable anecdote is extracted from *An Essay on the Science of Acting:* "In the town of North Waltham, Norfolk, 1778, the Fair Penitent was performed. In the last act, where Calista lays her hand on the skull, a Mrs. Berry, who played the part, was seized with an involuntary shuddering and fell on the stage; during the night her illness continued, but on the following day, when sufficiently recovered to converse, she sent to the stage-keeper and anxiously inquired whence he procured the skull. He replied from the sexton, who told him 'it was the skull of one Norris, a player, who, twelve years before, was buried in the churchyard.' That same Norris was her first husband. She died in six weeks."

A WEDDING IN GAOL.—A curious matrimonial union has recently taken place at the prison in Gloucester street, St. Helier, Jersey; the chaplain of that establishment having joined together in wedlock—"for better or for worse" —two inmates of that place—viz., John Small and Miss Cooper, the would-be Goddess of Love and Fortune. The bride and bridegroom are both members of the gipsy tribe, are now undergoing their term of imprisonment, for having extorted the sum of £20 from a young lady of the island by pretending to "rule her planet," and promising to find her a suitable partner for life. Such an event, being of rare occurrence within the gloomy walls of the Gloucester street "Hotel," it was, as may be presumed, joyfully celebrated by the (un)happy pair.

THE ILLUSTRATED PAPERS.—In a lecture recently delivered at Chelsea, by Mr. Gilks, the following curious statistics were communicated concerning the illustrated press. Of ten illustrated papers published in London every week—viz.: the *Illustrated London News, Illustrated Times, Punch, London Journal, Reynold's Miscellany, Cassell's Paper, Leisure Hour, Sunday at Home, Town Talk,* and *Mechanics' Magazine*—the aggregate circulation is 1,744,000 copies per week, and the weekly cost of engravings is £578, making a total annual circulation of 90,688,000 copies, and spending £30,056 per annum upon engravings.

THE REV. ALFRED POOLE'S CASE.—The Archbishop of Canterbury delivered judgment in the well-known case respecting confessionals, in which the Rev. A. Poole was the appellant, and the Bishop of London the respondent. The Archbishop said: "I am of opinion that the proved and admitted allegations afford good and reasonable cause for the revokement of the license, and that the Bishop of London has exercised a good and sound discretion in revoking the same; and I am further of opinion, that the course pursued by the appellant is not in accordance with the rubric or doctrine of the Church of England, but mischievous to the cause of morality and religion."

DEATH OF A CENTENARIAN.—At Leeds, on the 14th March, died Mary Wright, aged 103 years, a member of the Society of Friends. For the last few years she has been blind, but with this exception she retained her faculties to the last. She suffered from no disease, but passed away in the greatest tranquillity from exhaustion of the bodily powers.

DEATHS FROM EATING MONKSHOOD.—A lamentable event occurred at Ecclesfield-hall, near Sheffield, lately. The occupiers of the hall were Mr. and Mrs. Greaves, the former of whom was 81 years of age, and the latter was 76. Mrs. Greaves prepared a salad for dinner, and, unfortunately, when she plucked the materials for the salad in the garden, she gathered with them a quantity of green leaves from a plant of monkshood. Both she and her husband ate heartily of the salad, soon after doing which they were both seized with violent pains, and died poisoned.

MARRIAGE TEARS.—Recently at a marriage in Leeds, after the ceremony, the bride burst into tears; whereupon the bridegroom, a stout six-foot fellow, following the example, and on being remonstrated with, roared out—"Let me alone! I feel as bad about it as she does."

BURNING OF THE EQUATOR.—The Dutch barque Equator was entirely destroyed by fire in the river Mersey. She was bound to Batavia, and had a cargo of silk cloth and fine goods, valued at about £60,000, on board.

Lady Morgan gave a musical *matinee* on St. Patrick's Day, in honor of her national saint, which was celebrated by the performance of a very fine composition by the well-known maestro, Gabussi, the motive being the fine old national air of "St. Patrick's Day," with the words both in English and Italian, composed for the occasion, and sung with great effect by Signora Finoli, Madame Anichini-Scaglia, and several amateurs. Among the company invited were: The Duke of Wellington, the Earl of Carlisle, the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Earl and Countess of Lanesborough, the Earl and Countess of Arran, Viscount Sudeley, the Earl of Dundonald, Lord Ranelagh, Lord and Lady Cochrane, Hon. Miss Eden, Mr. Marly, Lady Loftus Otway, Mr. Buckle, Mr. and Mrs. Everet Green, Miss Jewsbury, Mr. Westmacott, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Reeve, Miss Courtany, Sir John and Lady Easthope, Sir Denham Norreys, M.P., Mr. Wentworth Dilke, Mr. Hepworth Dixon, Lady Vassal Webster, the Right Hon. Charles Villiers, the Hon Mrs. Abbott, Mr. Mackinnon, M.P., and many distinguished persons connected with Ireland and literature.

The Doncaster *Gazette* states that a revivalist preacher, named Milbourne, has been holding services and preaching in the Wesleyan Reformers' Chapel, and the Town Hall, Doncaster, to crowded congregations, and the result has been to drive two women mad. Anne Stapleton, one of the parties, had been to hear the revivalist preacher on Sunday, the 27th of February, and what he said in the course of his observations so preyed upon her mind that after she returned home she smashed the windows in the house, and conducted herself otherwise with so much violence that it was necessary to place her under restraiat.

A London publisher advertises exact *fac similes* of "Seven Curious Old Newspapers," published between the years 1646 and 1679, announcing the execution of Charles the First, the death and funeral of Oliver Cromwell, the great fire of London, with interesting notices of Nell Gwynne, Dryden, Bunyan, the intrigues of the Court of Charles the Second, extraordinary occurrences in various counties, with very droll and interesting advertisements.

Lady Bulwer Lytton has presented to Mr. W. A. Woodley, editor and proprietor of the Somerset County *Gazette*, a handsome silver ink-stand, of the value of fifteen guineas, as an acknowledgment of the services rendered by him, in publicly exposing the circumstances connected with her late removal to a lunatic asylum, and thereby contributing to her speedy release.

Mr. Clayton is now at work on a memorial window, which some kind enthusiast is about to erect in Gloucester Cathedral, to the memory of the murdered Henry II. The glass will contain a view of the murder scene, treated in the archaic way, and, we hope, mitigated in the brutality of its horrors.—*Athenæum.*

It is stated that Richard Bedford Allen, the bankrupt underwriter of Lloyd's, has absconded. His assets amount to £700, while the liabilities are widely estimated at from £20,000 to £60,000.

Madame Goldschmidt (Jenny Lind) and her husband will visit Leeds in the autumn, and give their services gratuitously at a grand concert in aid of the Leeds Mechanics' Institution.

The great demand for carpenters in the English dockyards has induced hundreds of men to leave Sunderland to obtain work. Not fewer than 600 have left within a few weeks.

Miss Balfe has been engaged for the approaching season of the Italian opera, and will make her *debut* at Drury Lane Theatre in *La Somnambula.*

SCOTLAND.

ST. PATCICK'S DAY IN GLASGOW.—The anniversary dinner of St. Patrick's Day was held in the large hall of the Tontine Hotel. The chair was filled by Dr. McCarron. On the cloth being removed, the chairman gave "the Pope" in an eloquent and lengthened speech; and, after the usual number of patriotic toasts, to which he did ample justice, he came to the toast of the evening, which was responded to by the Rev. F. Dansher, in a speech flowing with eloquence, poetry, and historical research. "The Bishops and Clergy," by the Croupier; and responded to by the Rev. Mr. Reid. The Rev. Mr. Small gave the "Irish Hierarchy;" Mr. Fuller gave the "Memory of O'Connell," the Rev. Mr. Reid gave "Cardinal Wiseman;" "Catholicity in Scotland" was given by Mr. Neil Brown; and "Education," by Mr. John O'Neil. The evening's entertainment was much enlivened by songs from Messrs. Doyle, Muir, Sharkey, Tiernan, Scanlan, &c. There were many eloquent speeches delivered; and happiness and pleasure, order and quietness, prevailed during the evening.—*Free Press.*

STRANGE FACT.—An old lady died in Elgin lately who, for the last ten years, since the introduction of the hearse for town funerals, expressed her strong aversion to have her corpse carried to the grave otherwise than by the old time-hallowed method of the bier or hand-spokes. It is not a little singular that on the day of the funeral not a hearse could be procured in town, however wishful her relatives might have been to employ the usual mode of conveyance. So the old residenter had her last wish, and was carried all the way to her long home by the now, in Elgin, antiquated and uncommon method of the hand-bier.

On Monday night, March 21st, Miss Helen Faucit commenced an engagement at the Theatre Royal, Glasgow, appearing in the tragedy of *Nina Sforza.*

FRANCE.

CONTINENTAL AFFAIRS.—We are in possession of Paris dates to the 29th of March, from which we extract the following items: After several proposals, it appears that Baden has been fixed upon for the coming Congress, and that it will meet about the first of May. It will be attended by five Cabinet Ministers—Malmesbury representing England; Walewski, France; Gortschakoff, Russia; Buol, Austria; Schleinitz, Prussia. The Italian States will also be indirectly represented at the Congress. M. Azeglio, Sardinian Minister to England, has arrived here to meet Count Cavour. It is not impossible that they may complicate the negotiations, and their visit to Paris is not viewed with pleasure by the votaries of peace. It is said that Lord Cowley will assist the Earl of Malmesbury, and that M. Drouyn de l'Huys will act as second Commissioner to Count Walewski. According to some authorities the Congress will meet between the 15th and 20th of April. Count Cavour arrived in Paris on the morning of the 26th of March, and had an interview with the Emperor at noon the same day. He was also present at a private dinner given by the Emperor at the Tuileries on Monday, the 28th. He was expected to leave Paris for Turin direct on the 30th ult. It had been arranged by the War Department that all the *Materiel* lately prepared, such as artillery, projectiles, clothing and tents, should be despatched to Lyons and Marseilles, where stores had been prepared for them. The Paris correspondent of the London *News* asserts *that armaments were going on in France without relaxation.* The Paris *Patrie* states that government had decided upon adding a fourth battalion to each of the hundred infantry regiments of the line. The Viceroy of Egypt had rejected the written application of M. de Lesseps for permission to commence the work of the Suez canal, and M. Lieantbeg, the engineer-in-chief, had tendered his resignation. The Paris Bourse on Saturday, the 26th ult., was dull and drooping, the Rentes declining to 68.70. On Monday, the 28th, the depression was still greater, owing to disturbing rumors, and the quotations declined to 68.25. On the 29th the Bourse opened at a further decline of more than a quarter. The Paris flour market was firm, and wheat was without essential change. Wines were quiet, but steady. Brandies dull. The announcement of the Congress on the affairs of Italy had not produced any improvement in the general trade of France.

AN EXTRAORDINARY CIRCUMSTANCE.—The *Journal du Havre* describes the following extraordinary circumstance which has occurred in that place: "Two strangers, a man named Leriche, about thirty-five years of age, and a woman called Rachel, aged about forty, arrived there about three months ago, and took a lodging in a house of the Rue d'Albanie. They had, it is said, the sum of £2,000 in cash when they took the house, but that amount having been exhausted sooner than they expected, they found themselves reduced to a state of distress. They had been in the habit of having their meals brought from a restaurant in the neighborhood. The waiter went to the house as usual, but found the door shut, and on knocking got no answer. The postman also brought letters addressed to Leriche, but could not get any reply on knocking. Things went on in this way for a week, when information having been given to the police, the commissary had the door opened, when a horrible scene presented itself. In a room on the first floor, the door and windows of which had been hermetically closed by strips of thick paper pasted where any air might enter, they saw two livid heads standing out from under the bed-cloths. A large brazier in which charcoal had been placed and burnt out stood near the bed, and the room was quite unbearable from a dreadful stench. On the window being opened and air admitted, one of the persons in the bed, whom they had supposed to be dead, suddenly rose and exclamed 'Hush, hush! do not make a noise; he is asleep, he is asleep!' The person thus speaking proved to be a woman, and, in spite of her opposition, the agents approached, and found the body of the man in an advanced state of decomposition, by the side of which the unfortunate woman, who had become a maniac, had been lying for a week, it is believed, without any sustenance. The appearance of the woman was scarcely human, and she was conveyed to the hospital in a dreadful state of exhaustion."

PROTESTANT WORSHIP.—The Paris *Moniteur* publishes a report addressed to the Emperor by the Ministers of the Interior and of Public Worship on the subject of places of Protestant worship, and which is mainly intended to prevent the recurrence of disputes such as have recently taken place: The report quotes an article of the organic law which expressly declares that no deliberative assembly of the ministers of Protestant worship can be held without the permission of the Government, and that no church or minister could hold relations with any foreign Power or authority, and that no ministers could be allowed to attack in the pulpit any religion authorized by the State. The report then states, that as the excesses of proselytism come from abroad, and as the violence sometimes made use of in preaching must be prevented by administrative measures, the plan thus proposed would be the best means of preventing such an abuse. Places of worship already authorized will not be interfered with by the present change.

NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN.—An exceedingly curious book has appeared at Paris, from the pen of M. Edouard Fournier, the learned and witty feuilletonist of *La Patrie.* It is in two volumes, and is entitled "Old New" (*Vieux-neuf*). The author proves that most of our boasted modern inventions and discoveries were in reality known already to the ancient Greeks and Romans, not to speak of the Egyptians and the inhabitants of the Celestial Empire.

The Paris *Univers* notices the strange conduct pursued by the English government in the Phœnix trials. The authorities, it says, made desperate efforts to obtain evidence to convict these young men, and, if they dared, the police and magistrates would have put the witnesses to the torture, as they did not scruple to accept false evidence, if useful to their purpose. The Executive appeared, not as administering justice, but engaged as a partizan in a struggle of faction. The writer refers to the complaint of Mr. M'Carthy Downing relative to his correspondence having been opened and read by the authorities, and adds, "Behold the respect, the guarantees, assured to the liberty and life of the Irish. But is it not good enough for mere Papists? Imagine, then, what treatment those miserable Hindoos at the very extremity of the globe may expect to receive from free and implacable England." The writer goes on to give some shocking details of the immorality of London, which the English papers have suppressed.

The great map of Gaul under Cæsar and the first sketch of the map of the following epoch are shortly to appear at Paris. These maps are the first fruits of the Imperial Commission, which, under the presidency of M. de Sauley, is working out a comprehensive geography of Gaul up to the fifth century of our era.

The French provincial journals state that on the anniversary of the birthday of the Prince Imperial, their Majesties gave a sum of 100f. to each child born on the same day, and whose position may render such a gift needful.

The *Journal de Saone-et-Loire* states that a young lady, named Martin, who resided at L'Aigle (Orme), lately died, bequeathing by will to M. de Lamartine, a farm, and a house in the town.

The English Episcopal Worship Society of Lyons, which exists under the license of the Bishop of London, and is supported entirely by voluntary contributions, is bankrupt.

Messrs. Perrotin and Boiteau have already collected 2,200 of Beranger's letters for their projected publication of the poet's correspondence.

The French booksellers' lists announce a forthcoming volume by Dr. Liszt, on "The Bohemians and their Music."

The *Gazette Musicale* announces that a Straduarius violin has lately changed hands at Paris for the sum of 15,000f. (£600.)

ITALY.

SARDINIA.—On the 19th March the walls of Turin were placarded with the following notification, which attracted crowds of readers wherever it appeared: "The government having authorized the formation of the corps of the volunteers, the proper registry for the inscription of these National Guards who may desire to form part of it is now open at the office of Intendant General of this administrative division. The candidates must combine the following conditions: 1. They must not be more than thirty-five years of age. 2. They must possess aptitude for military service, and not be of lower stature than one metre 55 centimetres (five feet one inch English measure). 3. They must be exempt from all tie (obligation) of military service, whether in the army or in the fleet." To this announcement was appended the following proclamation, addressed to the National Guards by the Syndic of Turin: "*Militi!*—Summoned to the defence of the independence and honor of the country, the contingents hasten percipitately to their banners; to the invitation to assist voluntarily in this sacred duty you also will respond in a manner worthy of yourselves and of the appeal made to you. Victor Amadeus II. replied to those who threatened to oppress Piedmont by the number of her enemies: 'I will strike the earth with my foot, and armies of combatants will rise out of it.' Victor Emmanuel II. may also reply to those who intend to trample upon and humiliate this same land: 'Their sons have not degenerated. I have struck it with my foot, and soldiers and militiamen have arisen from every part of it to defend its honor, independence, and liberty.' Turin, from the Town Hall, 19th March, 1859."

ROMAN ANTIQUITIES.—The excavations now going on at the Necropolis of the ancient city of Preneste, near the modern town of Pales-

trina, 25 miles south-east of Rome, have been productive of the most interesting results. The property belongs to Prince Barberini, and the researches carried on by his orders have already brought to light an admirable wrought-gold necklace in fine preservation, several bronze vases richly ornamented, and other works in metal, amongst which some are interesting mirrors with engraved reverses. Utensils of various kinds have also been discovered, made of colored glass, alabaster, ivory, and even wood. Bronze and *terra cotta* vases and utensils, arms and cups, interesting for the inscriptions they bear, have likewise been disinterred at the Necropolis of the ancient Etruscan city of Capena, about thirty miles from Rome north of the Tiber.

The Paris *Pays* quotes the speech delivered by the Supreme Pontiff to the conclave of cardinals, explaining away the demand made by Cardinal Antonelli, for the withdrawal of the foreign troops from the Papal States. After stating that his Government had recognized the expediency of the evacuation, he added: "I regret that certain foreign journals should have ascribed to me words and sentiments irreconcileable with my character as Supreme Pontiff. Most assuredly I do not wear the sword of Joshua or Gideon, and I could never have said that I felt myself sufficiently strong to dispense with extraneous assistance, as a secular and warlike prince might have done. The Vicar of Christ, I am perfectly aware that I can only be a prince of peace. If I have demanded the withdrawal of the foreign garrisons, it was under the apprehension that the presence of these troops in some portions of the states of the Church might become the pretext or the occasion of a conflict between potentates, which might lead to a general conflagration. I have, moreover, the fullest confidence in the goodness of my cause, in the protection of Providence, and in the Pacific sentiments of my people. This is what I wished to tell you, and you are quite at liberty to give publicity to my feelings on this subject."

A letter from Parma announces an unpleasant fact. The government having heard that some soldiers were about to desert Piedmont, determined to make a severe example. Orders were given to strictly guard the frontiers, and three deserters were captured. They were tried by court martial and sentenced to be shot. The sentence was executed in presence of the troops assembled for the purpose, and commanded by a general. During the execution some shots were fired at the general, which, fortunately, did not strike him.

Numerous arrests have taken place at Modena, Parma, Placentia, and Leghorn. A vast conspiracy has, it is said, been discovered in those provinces, which was to lead to a general insurrection about the end of this month. The persons most seriously compromised, although they do not belong to Austria, have been sent to the prisons of the Tyrol.

HOLLAND.

An important arrest has been effected in Holland. On the arrival of a train by the Antwerp and Rotterdam Railway at Rosendaal, the first town within the Dutch frontier, the commissary of police found that a young man who had arrived from Paris was without a passport. In answer to questions put to him, he declared that he was a Dane named Alstein, and that he had been employed in an office in London, but he would not say with whom. As he was agitated, and offered some pieces of gold to be allowed to continue his journey, the commissary detained him in custody, and ordered him to be searched. He was found to have in his possession £14,000 in notes of the Banks of England, Sardinia, and New Granada. He then admitted that he had given a false name, his real name being, he said, Alsas, but he would give no information as to how he got the money. Despatches were sent to different places announcing his arrest, and in some days after the head of the firm of Spielmann & Co., at London, arrived at Breda, and recognized him as one of his clerks who at the end of February had absconded with £14,000.

AUSTRIA.

A Monument to Mozart at Vienna.—It is nearly seventy years since the death of Mozart, and the monument to his memory is not yet finished. It is hardly known where his remains are interred. The expedient they have had recourse to is this: the pedestal is to be large enough to cover the various places in which it is supposed the remains may be. A square of eight feet in bronze, supporting a figure of the same metal representing *Polymnie*, in the attitude of grief; on the four sides of the square you will find a portrait of Mozart in bas-relief, with some inscriptions. This monument is executed from the designs of M. Gasser.

A Hungarian Plot.—We read in a Vienna letter: "There is a rumor in the city which is so 'ugly' that I cannot venture to repeat it. It may, however, be stated that it arose from the circumstances of a young Hungarian having attempted to shoot himself in a hackney coach. The wounded man was taken to the hospital, where he made communications which have led to the arrest of several persons in Hungary."

The Catholic municipality of Vienna contributed £5,000 lately, towards the construction of a Protestant schoolhouse. His Majesty the Emperor has given 3,000 florins towards a new church for the Jesuits, but he has also contributed the same sum towards a place of worship for his Protestant subjects.

RUSSIA.

The Principalities.—A letter from Saint Petersburg, dated the 12th March, states that the Russian Government has assembled a corps of observation consisting of 60,000 men in Bessarabia and Podolia. These troops belong to the 3d and 5th *corps d'armee*. The 15th division of infantry, hitherto cantoned in the government of Cherson, have been advanced to the frontiers of the Danubian Provinces. The writer adds: "I can assure you that the Russian government will preserve a strict neutrality as long as the Eastern question is not agitated, and the more so, as the emancipation of the peasants has created both excitement and opposition among the nobility, and forces the Russian government to maintain a calm and circumspect attitude."

A disagreeable sensation has been produced at St. Petersburg by a Committee of the Government of Twer respecting emancipation. The nobility express the opinion that this reform is the ruin of the Russian nobles. The committee demands recompense for the land ceded to the peasants, and advises the nobility to break off all communication with them. The document indicates a profound sentiment of bitterness and irritation.

A Russian merchant of Berdiansk announces the sale in his warehouses at Odessa, Nicolaieff, and Sebastopol, of 451,000 pounds, or 7,351 tons of iron and cast-iron coming from projectiles picked up in the Crimea after the war. This will give an idea of the prodigious consumption of shot and shell in the siege of Sebastopol.

Recent statistics from St. Petersburg give the number of houses as 8,779, of which no less than 5,010 are of timber. There are 191 churches Greek orthodox, six Catholic, sixteen Lutheran, four mosques, three synagogues, two Armenian, and one Anglican.

The *Medical Times* says: "Scanzoni, of Wurzburg, attended the Empress of Russia in her last confinement, and received for his services £5,000.

HOME MISCELLANY.

A Sound View of the Question.—We take the following from the Pittsburgh *Catholic*, in reference to the Elliot street, Boston, school difficulty: "The late troubles in the Boston schools have come very opportunely to confirm the soundness of the policy adopted by the majority of the Prelates of the United States, viz.: that since there is no probability that the Protestant majority, who have control of the Public Schools, will do us justice, it is best to leave them entirely in their hands, and try to get up separate schools for our own children. No Catholic can in conscience allow his child to read the Protestant Bible, to recite the Protestant form of the Ten Commandments, or to sing Protestant Psalms. Yet in our Public Schools Catholic children have to do these things. Rev. Mr. Wiget has taken a stand, which the Catholic conscience of the country must approve of, and for which he deserves the thanks of every well wisher of religion. Besides being obliged to violate their faith in the manner just mentioned, Catholic children are exposed to other and more serious dangers in these schools; and unhappy indeed is the condition of that parent, who, knowing these things, allows his child to advance to the very brink of the precipice. What will he be able to answer when God will ask him to render an account of the innocent soul, which had been entrusted to his safe keeping?"

A Father and Son Fight with Pitchforks and Guns.—The quiet of our usually peaceable village was thrown into utter commotion by one of those disgraceful affrays which have so often disturbed the good order and outraged the moral sense of this community in the same family. It seems that some misunderstanding occurred between Horace Morse and his son Frank, which resulted in a passage at arms with pitchforks and clubs, without serious injury to either party. Both parties then armed themselves with loaded shot-guns, and after parleying and threatening each other for awhile, Morse took deliberate aim, and discharged his gun directly in the face of his son, being not more than fifteen feet from him at the time of firing. The shot took effect in the face and hands of the son, but fortunately did not prove fatal. We are not apprised that any steps have been taken to bring the parties to deserved punishment, but certainly so great an outrage upon common humanity, and the dignity of the law, should not go unpunished.—*Lockport (Ill.) Telegraph.*

A Husband Shot by his Wife.—Monongahela City, in Washington County, (Pa.), was the scene of a very distressing occurrence. The wife of Captain Bentley, of that place, is subject to periodical attacks of insanity, during which it is necessary to keep a close watch upon her actions. While laboring under one of these attacks lately, she contrived in some way to get possession of her husband's pistols, and, procuring powder and ball, loaded both. She then ascended to the garret, and was followed by Mr. Bentley, who was fearful lest she might do herself bodily harm. Just as he reached the head of the last flight of stairs Mrs. B. presented one of the pistols at his head, and, discharging it almost immediately, the ball entered his neck, and, passing upwards through his jawbone, lodged in the opposite side of the mouth. The unfortunate gentleman's injuries are very severe, and but little hope of his recovery is entertained.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

Naval Intelligence.—The Secretary of the Navy has appointed a board of naval officers, consisting of Commodore Gregory, Captain Blake, Commanders Foote and Tucker, and Lieut. David D. Porter, to visit the different navy yards, examine into their condition, and ferret out any changes for their better and more economical organization. They will commence with the New York yard, and then visit others in succession. The sloops-of-war now on the stocks at the various navy yards have been named, by order of the Department, as follows:

Where building.	*Names of steamers.*
Boston	Narragansett.
Portsmouth	Mohican.
New York	Iroquois.
Philadelphia	Wyoming and Pawnee.
Norfolk	Dacotah.
Pensacola	Seminole,
Mare Island, California	Saginaw.

Captain Montgomery is appointed to command the Pacific squadron; Captain Inman to command the African squadron; Captain Stribling to command the East India squadron; Captain McIntosh to relieve Captain Stribling at the Pensacola Navy Yard; Captain Rudd to command the steam sloop Lancaster; Capt. Dornin to command the steam sloop Hartford; Capt. Bell to succeed Capt. Dornin at the Norfolk Navy Yard; Commander Mason to command the sloop-of-war John Adams; and Commander Hunt to command the sloop-of-war Levant. Commander Calhoun has been ordered to the sloop-of-war Portsmouth, the flag-ship of the African squadron, now fitting out at Portsmouth, New Hampshire.

A Marrying Woman.—The New Orleans *Crescent* says: "The Marrying Woman is matched again. Last summer we mentioned the circumstance of a German widow in the third district marrying her fifth husband. A month or two afterward we published that the lady was again made a widow by the death of her fifth by yellow fever. We have now to record that she is again a wife, having taken her sixth lawful husband in due form a few days ago. We forbear repeating the jokes to which this wedding has given rise. The people around look upon the sixth husband as a dead man sure before the summer's over, and say that the wedding should have been prevented by the police. Some of the lady's German friends say that she buried two husbands before leaving the old country. If this be true, the present husband is her eighth."

Not Much of an Outrage After All.—The lake and river boats, whose seizure by the Nicaraguan Government was reported recently, were not the old boats of the Transit Company, but new ones sent out a few months since by the new Yelverton-White Company. They were seized on the supposition that the United States sloop-of-war Decatur, which had come in sight, was a vessel loaded with fillibusters. Under that impression, the Nicaraguan authorities placed the boats under the guns of Fort San Carlos, in order to keep them safe from the supposed fillibusters. The real character of the Decatur becoming known, the boats were next day restored to the agents of the Company.

The Coming Wheat Crop.—Col. Johnson, of the New York Agricultural Society, says of the comparative yield of the wheat crop of the United States for 1858 and 1859:

Estimated product for	1858.	1859.
New York	22,000,000	20,000,000
Pennsylvania	20 000 000	20,000,000
Virginia	20 000,000	18,500 000
Kentucky	10,000 000	8,500,000
Ohio	25,000,000	22,000 000
Indiana	15 000,000	13 000,000
Illinois	18,000 000	14,500,000
Other States	50,000,000	42 000 000
Totals	180,000,000	158,500,000

South America.—The Spanish-American Republics are all of them in a bad condition, and most of them convulsed by civil wars. Chili, which has always been noted as the most quiet and prosperous among them, seems to be now waging a civil war more sanguinary than any of the others. The government appear to have the upper hand, although the insurrections are very general all over the country. Peru is more quiet internally than for some time past, and is prosecuting a war with Ecuador, but business is completely paralyzed at Callao and Lima.

Juvenile Precocity.—A little child of this city, who is acknowledged by all to be pretty smart, was holding a very animated conversation with one of about its own years, a few days since. A portion of it was overheard, and appeared to be a dispute as to what their "mothers could do." After naming over various meritorious acts of which their maternals were capable, the one in question put an end to the dispute by exclaiming: "Well, there's one thing that my mother can do that your's can't—my mother can take every one of her teeth out at once!"—*New Haven News.*

Storms at the South.—During the past fortnight violent hurricanes and hail storms have swept over many of the Southern States, in some instances causing great destruction of property. The most disastrous of these were at Natchez, Kosciusko, and Port Gibson, Miss.; Camden, Ark.; Opelousas, La.; and in the vicinity of Memphis, Tenn. There was also a severe gale at New Orleans.

Indians Attacking the Pike's Peak Emigrants.—The conductor of Salt Lake mail arrived at St. Josephs, reports that the Indians had notified the emigrants to Pike's Peak that the great Father had not yet bought their country and that they shall not live in it; and as an earnest of their intentions, they have already waylaid and murdered several emigrants. The intelligence is said to be reliable.

Sale of the McDonogh Estate.—Another portion of the McDonogh estate, accruing to the city of Baltimore, situated mostly without the limits of New Orleans, was sold on the 28th ult. A portion of the property lying in the town of McDonoghville was not sold, the plats not being prepared in time. The portion sold brought $75,000, making, with previous sales of the portion allotted to Baltimore, a total of $594,000. The St. Erne Place, the only portion of that sold on the 28th, lying within the city of New Orleans, brought $26 000.

Smoking by Boys.—By the way, there ought to be a sumptuary edict against smoking by brats under age. I come into town frequently on the top of an omnibus, about the time the clerks come in; and to behold on the roofs of the vehicles the long rows of whiskerless, sallow, sulky, boys sucking at clay pipes, is nauseous to behold. They smoke away their appetites, and what little brains they have, and grow up, or rather don't grow up, miserable little snobs, despised of man and condemned by woman.—*Literary Gazette.*

A Prolific Sheep.—The *Alder* states that Mr. Benjamin Becker, of Bethel Township, Berks County, Pa., is the owner of a sheep, born blind, which has given birth to five lambs within the space of eleven months. The first time she gave birth to three, and the second time to two young ones, all of which lived. By the time the first were one year old the number of young had increased to nine. This occurred during 1857 and 1858, and is said to be without a parallel in this vicinity.

Disgusting Spectacle.—The Memphis *Avelanche* is informed that a regular prize fight came off between two women of that city, a short distance below the corporation limits, Sunday afternoon last. The spectacle was witnessed by a crowd of the lords of creation, and the principals entered into the fight with the spirit of Amazons.

A Venerable Building.—The old mansion of Governor Wyllys, on the Charter Oak Place, Hartford, Conn., is being demolished to make way for a modern house. The old mansion was built two hundred and twenty-two years ago, for the royal Governor of the Colony, and the frame, of solid English oak, was sent out from England.

Decided.—The great Detroit billiard match between Phelan and Seereiter came off on the 13th inst., and resulted in favor of the former. The match excited considerable enthusiasm among the friends of the respective players and the public in general. Mr. Phelan is a native of Kilkenny, Ireland.

Death of a Veteran Editor.—John Denio, the oldest editor in the State of New York, died on the 30th ult., in his 80th year. He assumed the publication of a paper in Vermont 59 years ago.

As Deacon A——, on an extremely cold morning in old times, was riding by the house of his neighbor B——, the latter was chopping wood. The usual salutations were exchanged, and the horseman made demonstrations of passing on, when his neighbor detained him with, "Don't be in a hurry, Deacon. Wouldn't you like a glass of good old Jamaica, this morning?" "Thank you, kindly," said the old gentleman, at the same time beginning to dismount with all the deliberation becoming a Deacon, "I don't care if I do." "Ah, don't trouble yourself to get off, Deacon," said the neighbor, "I merely asked for information."

The new Spanish ship-of-the-line, Rey Francisco de Asis, Commander Brigadier of the Navy, Don Ramon Maria Pery, arrived at Havana on the 28th ult. She is described as a magnificent vessel, with an armament of 84 guns. She brought to Havana Field-Marshal Don Ignacio Planas, to take the place of Brigadier-General Manzana, second in command, who returned to Spain some weeks since.

Two soldiers of the force in the Newport Barracks, Kentucky, lately accosted a man named Stump, and asked him what time it was. He pulled out his gold watch and held it to the gaslight, when one of them snatched it from him, and then ran away. One of them was arrested in the barracks with the watch upon his person; the other escaped to Cincinnati.

The Post Office Department has concluded an arrangement with Commodore Vanderbilt for the transportation of the mails between New York and Southampton from April till November. Steamers are to start on alternate Saturdays from this side and on Wednesday from the other side. The compensation is to be sea and inland postages.

The salaries of all the public officers of Indiana have been increased by the recent compensation law. The Govenor receives $3 000; Treasurer of State, $3 000; Auditor of State, $2,500; Secretary of State, $2,000; President of the Sinking-fund Commissioners, $3,000; Governor's Private Secretary, $500, &c.

Eighteen months ago a party of a hundred and fifty emigrants was set upon at the Mountain Meadow, and many massacred, the rest being carried into captivity. Seventeen of the children carried off have been rescued from the savages.

A dancing master was taken up in Natchez lately for robbing a fellow boarder. He said he commenced by cheating a printer, and after that everything rascally came easy to him.

The jury in the libel suit of Edwin Forrest against N. P. Willis, in the Court of Common Pleas, brought in a verdict for the plantiff of $500.

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NEW YORK TABLET.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APL. 23, 1859.

SOME AMERICAN PREJUDICES.

STRANGE as the statement may appear to many among us who consider that ignorance and prejudice fled the land on the issuing of the Declaration of Independence, we, the American people, still cherish certain very strong and very peculiar prejudices. Among these, however, we shall, in the present article, notice only some of the more striking and remarkable.

First, then, we may point out the belief, held by the great mass, and strengthened by short-sighted politicians who never left their native cities, and turgid orators who never saw the workings of any government but our own, and do not understand even that, that the republican is the best form of government, for all countries, peoples, degrees of popular intelligence, and states of civilization—that any other system must necessarily be a tyranny and an abhorrence to all who live under its rule. This prejudice we have erected into a principle, a fixed rule. We must not forget to say, however, that this rule, like all others, has its exceptions, and the principal one is in favor of England, who, enjoying a community of blood, language, and religion, with ourselves, is, though not republican, without blemish, and incapable of doing wrong. As an instance of the fallacy of our idea, we will just look at the present state of things in the Kingdom of Naples, whose sovereign numbers of our people, incapable of forming an opinion of their own on European politics, and chiming in with the English cry, hold up as the type and representative of despotism in its most unbridled extent. Ferdinand II. is sick, and the health of the monarch, whom the English brand as a remorseless tyrant, is looked upon as so important to the interests of the country he governs, that the public funds rise when a bulletin is issued announcing an improvement, and go down two per cent. when the bulletins are unfavorable.

The second erroneous idea to which we mean to allude is a natural consequence of the first, strengthened by the chronic hatred of all authority with which the popular mind is here afflicted. It is the assumption that every one who revolts against established authority is a patriot. We sympathize with every revolt against authority, no matter who may be its authors, or how opposed to the real interests of their country may be their designs. We make a hero of everybody, who, by some act of revolt, however absurd, impolitic, or ill-timed, has been thrown into prison for a more or less protracted space of time. In this case also, as in the first instance, we make an exception in favor of England, and our idea may be thus expressed: Revolt against authority is patriotism, except in the case of British authority, when it is rashness, madness, foolishness. The rebel who is a hero at Naples, is a fool, or worse, in Dublin.

The Neapolitan exiles who have arrived in England and whom preparations were being made to receive with *eclat* in our city, had they not,—with premature ingratitude, and looking upon the King of Naples' design of sending them among us, Yankee barbarians, as the unkindest cut of all,—forcibly changed their destination, afford us an opportunity of illustrating the unthinking manner in which American popular sympathy is thrown away in such cases. Poerio, so much lauded by certain of our daily papers, turns out to be, after all, not the Simon Pure Poerio, the member of the Neapolitan Parliament in 1821, but a son of that person and a very different individual. He has his father's name but none of his talents. He has the lion's skin for a mantle, but the heart that beats under it is that of a different animal. This Poerio was forced upon the King in a moment of disorder. He had held the post of Director of Police only two months when he was found to be implicated in a conspiracy to overturn the government under which he had accepted office, tried and adjudged culpable. As to the thrilling descriptions of the cruelty with which he was treated, they are, like all the English tales of Italy, pure fabrications. Instead of being incarcerated in a loathsome dungeon, he was imprisoned in a spacious house which had been sold to the Government by its former proprietor, a Neapolitan nobleman. The revolutionary party and not the King annulled the Constitution. Having obtained the means of swaying the Chamber of Deputies, they demanded the abolition of the higher Chamber, and being opposed, they raised the barricades. The King, in defence of the Government, was obliged to have recourse to his troops to bring the malcontents to submission. Now these are the men about whom certain classes in New York would have made fools of themselves had not the exiles themselves prevented it by forcing the Captain to put into Cork.

No one is more firmly attached than we are to the admirable institutions under which we live, or would peril more, or more speedily to sustain them, but we recollect that what may be excellent for us, may be the contrary for nations differently constituted. Republicanism imposed upon a country becomes itself a despotism, and one of the worst forms of it. "One man's meat," says a homely proverb, "is another man's poison," and the institutions that make the happiness of one people may effect the ruin of another. No one has a higher admiration than we, for the true, pure and disinterested patriot, who perils all for the interests of his country, but we loathe to the most intense degree the mock patriot, who seeks but the satisfaction of his passions, the gratification of his ambition, his vanity, or his pride, and who, having shouted himself into a prison, makes patriotism a trade when he is free, and looks to it as his future means of existence. Unfortunately for true freedom the name of these mock patriots is legion, at the present moment.

Our people would do well to reflect a little and inquire into the true character of pretended martyrs to liberty before they award to them places beside the great and good of history. They would do well to get rid of the idea that the republican form of government, however felicitous, in the main, in its workings among ourselves, is a universal political panacea, or that every demagogue, brawler, rash youth, or hot-headed fool, who, by a revolt against authority, succeeds in getting into prison, is a hero or a patriot.

EASTER SUNDAY.—A collection will be taken up in all the churches in this diocese on next Sunday for the benefit of the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylums.

HOW THE FIVE POINTS MISSION TREATS CHILDREN.

THE following paragraph appeared in the issue of the N. Y. *Tribune* for 25th March:

LITTLE WANDERERS.—Two young children, named Cammille and Alfred Le Roy, were found in the cars of the Hudson River Railroad, on Thursday evening, by Officer Clark. They said they had come from Madison County, Wis., in search of their mother, who resides in this city. The policeman took them to the House of Industry, No. 61 Worth street.

We find in the *Daily State Journal* of Madison, Wis., the appended letter, which explains the forlorn condition of the "little wanderers," or more correctly, the little castaways. As will be seen thereby, the children were abandoned by an agent of the Five Points Mission, one of the child-stealing establishments in this city.

To the Editors of the State Journal:

Mr. Van Meter, one of the managers of the Five Points Mission, brought to this city in Oct. last, some twenty or thirty children, for the purpose of finding homes for them. Among the children, there was a brother and sister, named Alfred and Cammille Le Roy, whose mother, a French woman, resided in the city of New York. Mr. Van Meter displayed great interest in procuring a home for these children so that they should not be separated. *Upon his representation that their mother had relinquished them to him*, and that she would not, under any circumstances, make trouble about them, and *that she should not know with whom they were placed*, I was induced to take these children. The children had not been with me but a few weeks, before I received a letter enclosing one within by the mother, in French, to a third party in this place. This being in direct violation of Mr. Van Meter's pledge to me I wrote him on the subject. In answer, he stated, that on his return to New York, he "*found a most unpleasant state of feeling on the part of some in regard to them*" and that he "*was compelled to tell the mother where they were.*" This placed me in an unpleasant position, as there was no authority by which I could hold them, of which I informed Mr. Van Meter. He then wrote me, that as the children were in the State without any legal guardian, I could become such, and thus set at rest the matter; that he was sorry, *but the mother had obtained the knowledge of the place they were at, and with whom, "unbeknown to him."*

This direct contradiction over his own signature surprised me, and induced me to write him a letter expressing my dissatisfaction at his conduct, and that I could not see anything but deception in the whole proceeding. He then wrote me, that he regretted the *discrepancy* in his letter, and excuses himself under a plea of neuralgic affection thus: "*During those weeks of neuralgic affection things are indistinct. I often say to my friends 'everything appears to have passed in a dream.'* If I were imprudent, or indiscreet, or forgetful, I am sorry, and will do all in my power as a gentleman and a Christian to make all right." He wrote me he would be here on the 18th March, and desired I should retain the children until his arrival. He did not come here, but sent a Mr. Weeks from Chicago for the children, for the purpose as represented of returning them to their mother in New York. I delivered the children to him one week ago yesterday, and judge of my indignant surprise in finding in the New York *Tribune*, the paragraph in relation to the "little wanderers."

This outrage upon humanity deserves the severest censure. If the Five Points Mission desire to do the good which the institution is calculated to do, there should be more discretion observed in its management than has been evinced in this instance. My family's and my own feelings have been outraged in this matter, and I am not yet done with the parties engaged in it.

HENRY SPENCER.

Madison, Wisconsin, March 28th, 1859.

This letter contains considerable information. In the first place we learn from it that Van Meter and his fellow child-snatchers, in order to get the kidnapped little ones off their hands, make such atrocious agreements with those who take them, as that the mothers of the poor children shall know nothing of their whereabouts—that, to all intents and purposes, the mother shall, by the will of Van Meter, be dead to her child, and the child dead to the mother! Where can words be found to fitly characterize such daring inhumanity? And here we would say that as the conscious receiver is as bad as the thief, so he who consents to receive the children of another on such an unnatural understanding is just as little worthy the name of man as the wretch who offers them to him on such terms. And these things occur in the land of WASHINGTON? Think of it, mothers of New York, your children may be snatched up at any moment by prowling Van Meters, sent far away where you may never see them, their very names changed, lest they should, by any possibility, be traced and restored to your arms!

We also learn from this epistle that Van Meter, chosen by the Mission as a leader of the young, (of whom we already know some things not to his advantage,) adds to his other peculiar characteristics that of making false representations. He represents first that the children were relinquished to him by their mother, yet, when he returns to New York after hiding them where he thinks they will never be found by their mother, he found a most unpleasant state of feeling on the part of *some* with regard to them. Now this shows that these children were kidnapped, or, at least, snatched away, without due authority. We next discover that Van Meter can bolt a respectable falsehood when it suits his unmanly purposes. He first states that he himself was forced to tell the mother where her children were, and again contradicts himself by stating that the mother obtained that knowledge, as he elegantly expresses it, "unbeknown" to him. We also obtain the interesting information that Van Meter suffers "whole weeks" from neuralgic affection, during which things are "indistinct" and "everything appears to have passed in a dream." We wonder if Mr. Van Meter "takes anything" to allay the pain or drown consciousness during those weeks of neuralgic affection? Does he take chloroform? Or is he subject to fits of temporary insanity, for if he is we are bound, according to the doctrine now enunciated in some of our law courts, to give him a *carte blanche* for everything he may be engaged in, from child-stealing and lies to perjury and murder?

But we are not informed who Mr. Weeks is. Mr. Weeks, the humane gentleman to whose care the children were committed by Mr. Spencer, on the order of Van Meter. Mr. Weeks, who abandoned them and left them in the unprotected state in which they were found in the cars. Had Mr. Weeks merely gone out to "refresh" himself? Or is Mr. Weeks, like his modern Euyalus, Mr. Van Meter, subject to neuralgic affections which last for several weeks, when things appear very "indistinct" (we wonder if they make any of them appear double) and make the sufferer feel as if he were in a dream? We hope somebody will come forward and throw some light on the indistinctness which at present surrounds the Christian-like and humane Mr. Weeks.

The children, as we learn from the *Tribune* paragraph, were taken by the policeman who found them in the cars, to the Five Points House of Industry, the receiving shop of Pease, Barlow & Co. This is just saving them from Scylla to cast them upon Charybdis. How long are the police of the city to be suffered to drive poor little victims into those child-traps? Cammille and Alfred Le Roy are of French parentage and most probably Catholics. They should be looked after. Will not some of the gentlemen who have so kindly and disinterestedly come forward in other child-snatching cases, confer a benefit on the community by seeing to their ease?

FALSE PRETENCES.

WE are very lavish of our invitations to the oppressed and down-trodden of all nations to come and share the "home of the brave"—to live unshackled in the "land of the free"—to lie down comfortably under the folds of that star-spangled banner which forever shall wave, &c., &c. (Vide every Fourth of July oration pronounced since the first celebration of the national anniversary.) We offer them a great many priceless boons—entire freedom of conscience, freedom of speech, citizenship after a proper probation. We hold out to them a document, framed by the wisdom of our great ancestors, called the Constitution of the United States, in which all those liberties are guaranteed. But our promises seem made for the especial purpose of being broken, and not only do we break our own promises, but we virtually make fragments of that noble document, drawn up by our ancestors. Not only do we refuse what we had solemnly promised

to those who come among us to seek a refuge from tyranny, but we refuse it to their descendants to the very latest generation.

Suppose that an European, trusting in all those glorious and reiterated promises—believing that Americans fully enjoy the right of worshipping God according to the dictates of their own conscience, that no man, or set of men, can interfere with them or oppress them therefor, that the power of the State watches over every, even the humblest, cititizen, like a guardian angel, that no one may hinder him in the exercise of his right—believing in the absolute equality of all American citizens before the law—suppose, we say, that an European with such ideas were to have landed in Boston some few weeks since, how would he have been astounded on taking up a daily newspaper to read that an American Catholic child was flogged by a teacher in a Public School until he disobeyed the commands of his religion and those of his parent! How would he read and reread the paragraph, and, after having read it, still refuse to believe it? Forced to give it credence, however, on the result of inquiry, he would be consoled by the idea that a striking and speedy punishment was sure to overtake the arrogant school-committee who condemned an American boy, the child of an American citizen, to excessive corporal punishment for conscience' sake, and the flogger who executed their outrageous mandate. The trial comes on, and an American judge declares the outrage to be a justifiable act, and sends the flogger unpunished out of court! Then, indeed, our European is at last obliged to confess that religious liberty does not exist among us, and that while we hold the word of promise to the lips we break it to the heart.

Suppose again that an European of totally different opinions,—a believer in monarchical institutions, a sticker for privilege, one who considers American Republicanism and American liberty as the veriest of humbugs —who looks upon us as a nation of swindlers and negro whippers—let us say, an aristocratic Englishman—arrived in Boston at the same period. He reads the account of the Eliot School persecution with a smile of satisfaction on his face,—a smile which means "I knew it,"—comes to the agreeable conclusion that his previous opinions of American institutions were entirely correct, —that we have a State Church as well as his own England, that we even go farther than the proselytizers do in Britain, for we use intimidation and excessive punishment, while he flatters himself they only use seduction. He goes back to England ten times a more determined upholder of monarchical institutions, and writes a letter to the London *Times*, ridiculing Mr. Bright and his party for their stupid and ignorant adulation of American institutions, characterizing our Constitution as a piece of waste paper, our grandiloquent promises as false pretences, and our boasted liberty as the sham of all shams.

Judging by that isolated fact, would not his conclusion be pretty logical?

ENGLISH FREEDOM OF CONSCIENCE.

The English are a remarkable people and their policy a strange one. They say the reverse of what they mean and they mean the reverse of what they say. They placard certain principles, but their actions are always in opposition to them. For instance, popularly they approve, exalt and glorify revolutionists, while, officially, they repudiate them in the most unmistakeable manner. They receive them, cheer them, feed them (for a week or two), speech them, but—they won't help them in their designs, on the contrary, their official and commercial sympathies are with their alleged tyrants. It may be laid down, as a general principle, that when England makes a great time, about any man or men, she intends doing nothing for him or them, and the more noise she makes the less she intends to do. In the same way when Englishmen make a great show of adherence to a principle we may be pretty sure that their acts are in direct opposition to their declarations.

Freedom of conscience is a favorite English cry, and we could multiply examples to show that the English always act in direct opposition to it. We will only cite one, however—a very recent case. It happened in the Eternal City—the very centre of Christianity. Miss Cavendish, the daughter of an admiral in the British Navy, had, for the last two years, recognized the errors of Protestantism in which she had been brought up, and formed the resolve of abjuring them. Her family were already well acquainted with the change which had taken place in her religious convictions. We forgot to state that the young lady is nineteen years of age, highly educated and intelligent, and, according to Protestant doctrine, perfectly capable of exercising "the right of private judgment." Some few months since she put her long-cherished design into execution, and was received into the bosom of the Holy Catholic Church by the Rev. Mr. Northcote, in the Chapel of the French Nuns, at the Trinita de Monti. After having been baptized, she returned home, and immediately acquainted her family with the step she had taken. Admiral Cavendish became furious, and having no means, we presume, of putting his daughter in irons, as he would have done to a refractory seaman, he did the next best thing he could, and put her under lock and key, insisting that she should attend Protestant service. At the last accounts from Rome she was still kept a prisoner, and only allowed out for exercise, and closely guarded, lest she might go and worship in some Catholic Church.

The brave admiral pushed his rage so far as to go to the convent of the Trinita de Monte, and make characteristically English pugilistic demonstrations against the French ladies, accompanying the well known movements of the ring with such vituperative epithets as he is in the habit of using to his crew when he happens to be an irresponsible tyrant on the deck of his vessel.

This we think is another and very striking proof of what we have laid down, namely: that English declared principles, and English actual proceedings are the converse of each other.

The affair, however, may produce an important result in England. As will be seen, in another part of our paper, some English divine, in the excess of his fear that the Protestantism of the Prince of Wales could not stand the influences which work upon the mind in the City of Peter, has prepared a prayer for his preservation to the Church by law established, which he reads at every service. It would not be astonishing if the conversion of Miss Cavendish raised the fears of all true British Protestants to such an extent as to cause them to rise *en masse* and insist that the Prince should receive instructions, by the most expeditious means, to leave the Eternal City within six hours after receiving the notification, and thus take the Protestant succession out of jeopardy.

THE NAPIER BALL—THE PIPER UNPAID.

The flunkies of the Washington *demi-monde* who were so enthusiastically eager to signalize by a farewell ball the departure of the late British Minister, Lord Napier, a diplomat whose private conduct was so much in consonance with the principles of morality that rule that strata of Washington society, evince just as much enthusiastic eagerness in avoiding to pay the bill incurred by them in giving their great Flunkey Testimonial. Every flunkey was ready to put his name on the invitation list; no flunkey is now to be found ready to foot the bill. This leads us to the suspicion that our domestic flunkeyism is distinguished from the British or foreign variety by a strongly developed tendency to speculation, and that while it displays itself, it rather likes to make something out of the display.

The Flunkey Executive Committee made certain arrangements for the Ball with the Messrs. Willard, proprietors of a hotel in Washington. The Willards were to give the Ball in accordance with the programme of the Flunkey Committee and were to receive the whole subscription, the tickets to be given them for issue and collection, except a fixed number of complimentary tickets. But the Flunkey Committee (say the Willards) took upon themselves to sell tickets and receive the money for them. They further state that the Committee had in their hands funds amounting to $1,300 and yet they referred bills of their own contracting to Messrs. W. for payment. The Willards further state that all bills of their contracting were paid within a week after the Ball, and that if there be any debts of the Committee's contracting which they (the W.'s) are obliged to pay, they will be liquidated the moment the flunkies discharge their obligations to them.

What has become of the $1,300? Gentlemen flunkies! bring forth the books, show your flunkey hands, and turn your flunkey pockets inside out.

While the native flunkies of Washington were disputing as to who should pay the piper in the matter of the ball, the British flunkies of New York were testifying to their undying flunkeyism by presenting an address to his lordship. This is a much simpler engine of flunkeyism than a ball, and it likewise has the additional quality of being cheap. Declarations of esteem, admiration, &c., to any extent, cost nothing. Nor do men incur any expense by making fools of themselves, as the signers of the address did, by alluding to certain difficulties removed, and certain "happiest results" effected, by the diplomatic talents of Lord Napier. We certainly are puzzled to know what difficulty between England and this country has been removed by Lord Napier, and what "happiest results" he has effected. His lordship would be as puzzled as we, for in his answer to the address he is obliged to allude to the want of proof of a successful mission. The fact is, his lordship devoted himself, while in Washington, to anything else but politics. But, as we said before, a man may make a fool of himself *gratis*, and that is more commendable than giving a ball and not paying the expenses. So we much prefer the conduct of the British flunkies in New York to that of the native flunkies in the federal capital.

Mexico.—It seems that the administration can find none but partizans, burglers, or gentlemen with proclivities for silver bars to send as our representatives to Mexico. Mr. McLane, our last exportation, who received instructions to study the position of parties in the neighboring republic, before recognizing any of them, scarcely sets foot in Vera Cruz, the head-quarters of the mock liberals, when contemning his instructions he proceeds to recognize the really non-existent government of Juarez who has lately chosen da Lerda, the author of the church-robbing scheme, as his Minister of Finance. This recognition may turn out to be a perfect farce, but it may also add another to the many elements of disorder in unhappy Mexico by prolonging the struggle between the rival parties. The absurdity of our Central American policy and diplomacy is only exceeded by its iniquity.

A Presidential Joke.—That "crack Whist-player" and "enthusiastic devotee of the game," Lord Lyons, the new British Minister, has arrived in Washington, been presented to the Head of the Republic, and made some remarks as windy as those usually uttered by diplomatists on such occasions. The President replied in the same strain, but barbed the end of his reply by saying that a "frank and manly diplomacy" is "so congenial to the character of the two nations." As to our own country, modesty, of course, forbids us to say anything, but the idea of a frank and manly English diplomacy is too much for us. Fie, Mr. President, you should not poke fun at the noble diplomatic greenhorn. Do you imagine that he never read the history of his own country—that his reading has been confined to Hoyle on Whist?

DIED.

On Friday afternoon, April 15, Mr. Francis P. Cunnffe, of the firm of Ingoldsby, Halsted & Cuniffe. A Requiem Mass was celebrated at St. Peter's Church, Barclay street, on Monday, April 18, for the repose of the soul of deceased. His remains were taken to St. Louis for interment. *Requiescat in pace.*

Jack Out of Office.—The most loud-mouthed bleater about "despotic Albany" will not deny that some good has come forth from that tyrannical spot. The good we allude to is the dismissal, from the office he disgraced, of Police Commissioner General Nye, the author of the meaningless alliteration that we are "Irish-ridden from Hellgate to Harlem," a distribution of power which, as the most ignorant of local geographers are aware, left a rather considerable portion of the city to be ruled by other influences. The dismissal of this functionary is hailed by all classes and parties with an universal halleluiah, and by none with more intense delight than by the members of the Police force who were tyrannized over and blackmailed to an aggravating extent. Gen. Nye, however, has shown himself to be an unskilful general in not having secured that house and lot with which the police were to have presented him, for a safe and comfortable retreat.

Governor Morgan has appointed as the "General's" successor, Judge Ulshoeffer, a gentleman whose politics are diametrically opposed to his own, the Judge being a Democrat of long standing. Governor Morgan deserves great praise for showing that in the selection of functionaries he can rise above mere party considerations. We hope other Governors will follow his example. It would be well for the public service if the immoral and odious principle: "To the victors belong the spoils" were for ever repudiated and "to the honest and capable belong the officers" established in its stead.

Beards or no Beards, that's the Question.—The "United Brethren of Christ" recently met in solemn conference at Rohresville, Washington County, Md., to decide on points of doctrine and other weighty matters. Among the questions discussed was whether the Brethren should be allowed to sport beards or not. The question was brought up by the fact that several of the Brethren appeared in conference with flowing beards of patriarchal dimensions, which, contrary to the song descriptive of the merry old time, didn't wag at all, but were preserved in a decorous state of immobility. One of the Brethren, who, we are sure, could not raise a beard, and merely adopted the plan of the monkey who arrived from foreign parts and induced all his species to rid themselves voluntarily of the caudal appendage of which he had been despoiled, offered a resolution to the effect that every one of the Brethren should shave at least once a week, as became a man and a brother. He was more fortunate than the historical Jocko, for he succeeded in getting his resolution passed. It is said that one of the junior Brethren, who is blessed with a most prolific chin, has since seceded and declared his intention of organizing himself into a society, to be called the "United Bearded Brethren." More are likely to follow.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

Travelling Agents.

Our Travelling Agent, Mr. Michael Phelan, will call on our Subscribers this and following weeks in Plattsburg, Keeseville, Burlington, Clintonville, Ticonderoga, Sandy Hill, Glenn's Falls, Fort Edward, Schuylerville, Saratoga Springs, Balston Spa, Lansingburgh, Cohoes, Schenectady, Troy, &c., collecting and canvassing for the Tablet. We hope our friends in those places will be ready to pay their accounts, and aid Mr. Phelan in getting new subscribers.

Mr. W. G. Comerford will visit Portsmouth, and all towns on the Ohio River, canvassing and collecting for the Tablet.

To Our City Subscribers.—Those of our subscribers who intend to remove on the 1st of May will oblige us by informing the carrier where they intend moving to, or to call at this office and leave their address.

The New York Tablet and *Brownson's Review* only Five Dollars per year, payable in advance.

A Card.—O. E. Duffy, Catholic Bookseller and Stationer, Agent for all the Catholic papers. The New York Tablet always for sale, at No. 429 E street, one door west of Seventh, Washington D. C.

Literature.

MAN'S CONTRACT WITH GOD IN BAPTISM. From the French of Rev. P. J. EUDES. By Rev. J. M. CULLEN. Philadelphia: P. F. CUNNINGHAM, 216 South Third street. 1859.

This is an excellent little treatise on Baptism, and should be in the hands of every Catholic, as it explains to him the contract which he has made with God in Baptism. It is the first appearance of this work in English, and the author and publisher deserve praise for getting it out in such a neat form.

MY THIRTY YEARS OUT OF THE SENATE. By Major JACK DOWNING. Illustrated. New York: OAKSMITH & Co., 112 and 114 William street. 1859.

The letters of which this book is composed of appeared at first in 1850, in the *Daily Courier*, of Portland, Maine, and afterwards in the *Intelligencer*, of Washington, and were completed in *Emerson's Magazine* and *Putnam's Monthly*. They are now collected and published in a book of 456 pages. These letters attracted considerable attention when they first appeared, and were extensively copied in the newspapers of the day. Those who wish to get them in book form can now be gratified.

Messrs. A. M. LAWRENCE & Co., Publishers of the Boston *Daily Ledger*, 18 State street, Boston, Mass., have sent us the Trial of McLaurin Cooke, Sub-teacher of the Eliot School, for assault and battery upon Thomas J. Wall, a pupil of that school. We have commented on this case in the TABLET, and given the substance of the case, but the pamphlet goes over the whole ground of the difficulty, and gives the testimony, the arguments of counsel, and the opinion of the Court in full.

Mr. PATRICK DONAHOE, of Boston, has favored us with a copy of "Nugent's Correct and Genuine Moore's Almanack for 1859." This is the Almanac for the publication of which Mr. Nugent was fined by the British government in Ireland.

Mr. JOHN P. WALSH, Cincinnati, Ohio, has published a Map of Ireland, showing each County, in colors, and giving every Town, Townland, City, Harbor, Lake, River, and Lines of Railroad in Ireland. This Map was originally drawn and engraved by Sidney Hall and William Hughes, under the superintendence of William Dargan, the eminent Irish engineer.

Messrs. PETERSON & BROTHERS, of Philadelphia, have sent us "The Abbott," by Sir Walter Scott, being the sixth number of their cheap edition of the Waverly Novels. They are published at twenty-five cents each.

Messrs. MURPHY & Co. have just issued "Spiritual Conferences," by Father Faber. For contents see advertisement on 13th page.

We have received the "Report of the Superintendent of Education for Lower Canada, for the year 1857." Printed by order of the Legislative Assembly, by John Lovell, Toronto, Canada West.

CONSERVATORY JOURNAL is the name of a newspaper just started in Boston, and devoted to establishing a Massachusetts Conservatory of Art, Science, and Historical Relics.

We have received from Mr. JOHN P. WALSH, Ohio, the Pastoral Letter of his Grace Archbishop Purcell, on the Decrees of the Second Provincial Council of Cincinnati. Speaking of education and the duty of Catholics, with regard to the education of youth, his Grace says:

"In the first place, they must teach them the catechism, or send them where they will learn it—to the Catholic school and to the Church; to their own school and their own Church, and not another. Secondly, they must provide for them teachers who will know how to teach—who will give them good example; who will not suffer their pupils, boys and girls, to be exposed to the dangers of promiscuous, unrestricted intercourse in the same school room and play grounds and evening parties, where the passions are prematurely developed, and religion and reason hold no control. They must interdict the demoralizing reading of romances and novels, not to speak of other works of a still more fatal description. And instead of those, they must furnish them with only such books and instructions as will explain to them the end for which they were created, and the duties which they must fulfil as good men and good women, good citizens, and, above all, or to say all in one word, good Christians."

ON PULLING SOME CAMPANULAS IN A LADY'S GARDEN.

BY GERALD GRIFFIN.

Oh, weeds will haunt the loveliest scene
The summer sun can see,
And clouds will sometimes come between
The truest friends that be.
And thoughts unkind will come perchance,
And haply words of blame,
For pride is man's inheritance,
And frailty is his name.

Yet while I pace this leafy vale,
That nursed thine infancy—
And hear in every passing gale
A whispered sound of thee.
My 'nighted bosom wakes anew,
To Feeling's genial ray,
And each dark mist on Memory's view
Melts into light away.

The flowers that grace this shaded spot,
Low, lovely and obscure,
Are like the joys thy Friendship brought,
Unboasted, sweet and pure.
Now withered is their autumn blow,
And changed their simple hue,
Ah!—must it e'er be mine to know
—Their type is faded too.

Yet should those well-remembered hours
Return to me no more,
And—like those culled and faded flowers,
Their day of life be o'er—
In Memory's fragrant shrine concealed,
A sweeter joy they give,
Than aught the world again can yield
Or I again receive.

ONE BY ONE.

BY MISS PROCTOR.

One by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going;
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each,
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one (bright gifts from Heaven)
Joys are sent thee here below;
Take them readily when given,
Ready, too, to let them go.

One by one thy grief shall meet thee,
Do not fear an armed band;
One will fade as others greet thee,
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow;
See how small each moment's pain;
God will help thee for to-morrow,
So each day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly
Has its task to do or bear;
Luminous the crown, and holy,
If thou set each gem with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passing hours despond;
Nor, the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token,
Reaching Heaven; but one by one
Take them, lest the chain be broken
Ere the pilgrimage be done.

THE FORCE OF CONSCIENCE.

A TRUE STORY.

BY A DISTINGUISHED IRISH NOVELIST.

WITHIN the last year, the annals of our neighborhood have furnished us with a singular instance of the force of that moral instinct, which is so mysteriously interwoven by Providence with the inmost faculties of our nature, and whose internal monitions, habitual depravity itself has scarce the power wholly to subdue.

A man, named Hogan, dwelt, about thirty years ago, in a small cottage on the by-way leading from the village to the common road. The little dwelling has been lately razed to the ground by order of the humane proprietor of the soil, in order that no vestige might remain of what was once the scene of a history so appalling, but long will it be ere the villagers, as they pass the fearful spot, shall cease to point out its site amongst the trees, and shudder at the recollections it recalls. It was the birthplace, as well as the inheritance, of the individual already named. He was the child of parent situated comfortably, considering their rank in life, and received an education somewhat superior to that which usually falls to the lot of a peasant's child. Well skilled in such rudiments of knowledge as were taught in the neighboring village school, instructed in his moral and religious obligations, and even for a time apparently exact in their fulfilment, he was looked upon in his boyhood almost as an ornament to the simple neighborhood, and mothers and instructors used his name when they would stimulate their pupils to good conduct. Romance and poetry, in their happiest hours of invention, have never presented to the mind a sweeter subject of contemplation than the memory of a well-spent childhood, and the humble can feel it as well as the most cultivated. The subject of our narrative was not studious merely from the want of social sympathy, nor gentle merely from deficiency of natural spirit. He danced seldom, but none danced better. He talked little, but none more to the purpose. He did not often mix with company, but when he did he was the life and joy of the little society in which he moved.

It is not all at once that the human mind can pass from a life so blameless and so tranquil as we have described, to actions like that which has made the name of the unfortunate Hogan a sound of warning in our neighborhood. The death of his parents, and in particular of his mother, a decent, pious woman, was the first apparent occasion of the change which was afterwards observed in the manners of their son. He was oftener seen at fairs and markets than his business made it necessary, and he did not now return as he was wont to do after noon, when the business of an Irish fair is over, and its pleasures and its pains begin. The spendthrift, who finds poverty and woe amid the splendor and abundance of a capital, might see in the fate of this humble cottager an exact reflection of the history of his own fortunes. At first, it was but sociability and kindness that led him to loiter in the fair, and spend a trifle with the neighbor with whom he had bought or sold. By degrees, the tent, the dance, and even at length the fight—the fatal glory of an Irish peasant in those days—began to have their charms, and what was at first amusement became, in a short time, passion. The change of character did not even terminate here. As poverty came on apace, a tinge of mingled gloom and recklessness of mind (alarming symptom of internal ruin) began to mingle with his wild and hair-brained gaiety. The more moderate began to shun his company, and the unhappy wretch grew desperate. He drank, gamed, swore, delivered himself up to all the bestial excesses of vulgar dissipation, and became at length the scoff and pity of the adjoining village.

Even here the unhappy Hogan did not arrest his downward progress into ill. Seldom before was our lonely neighborhood defiled by such instances of depravity as ere long became habitual with him and his accomplices. The decent cottagers and farmers in the vicinity began to complain of pilfered turf ricks and potato pits, of broken paddocks and sheep-walks invaded at night, and even of cows and horses stolen, without the possibility of their discovering by whom the mischief was effected. The deed, however, by which the evil progress of this miserable being was brought to a consummation, was of a nature far more heinous.

Near a grove of fir, at a little distance from the village, stood a lonesome house where dwelt an aged lady, supposed to be wealthy, and confiding so far in the peaceable and honest character of the neighborhood, that she did not even keep a male domestic for the security of her house. She was kind and charitable, attentive to the poor and sick, and exceedingly beloved by all around her. There was in particular one old beggarman, whom, though surly and abusive in his demeanor, she had for many years supplied with victuals, which he sat and ate upon the steps of her hall door. It was her unfailing practice, when her daily meals were ended, to fill a plate for her sturdy pensioner, and take it to him with her own hands, as he basked in the evening sunshine at her porch, or sought refuge from the winter cold by her kitchen fire. Often had Hogan, in his earlier days, remarked the figure of the aged mendicant sitting on the steps; beheld the green hall door open, the venerable lady appear, discharge her charitable office, exchange a laugh or jest with rough old Yamon, and leave him to enjoy the surplus of her abundance. Often, as he passed the little lawn where he witnessed the quiet scene, did he admire Mrs. Maunsel's charity, and would fancy he saw her guardian angel smiling on the act.

One evening, Yamon was unusually surly and, indeed, insolent to his benefactress. He called her abusive names, and found fault with his dinner, which he flung contemptuously to his dog. Pitying the poor creature's infirmity, yet not disposed to encourage his insolence, Mrs. Maunsel told him, for his pains, he might go without a dinner on the following day. Custom, it is said, creates a right, as it can create a law. The beggar defied and dared her to keep her word. Finding, however, on the following day that she could be resolute as she was kindly, he went away, uttering a thousand threats, shaking his long staff, and vowing vengeance as deep as ever his gratitude had been before. Some persons who were present reproved him for his insolent passion, and did not fail to keep his menaces in mind.

It happened that, for some weeks before, the memory of the old lady at the fir grove had occurred to the mind of Hogan, with emotions widely different from those with which he had once regarded her at his return from labor or from school. The ruffians who were now almost his sole associates, had yet much difficulty in inciting him to join them in an attempt upon the house, on the very night on which the aged beggarman was refused his dinner. Stimulated by want, and by the threats and taunts of those hardened wretches, he consented to accompany the gang, but on the understanding that no violence should be offered to any individual. They proceeded, after dusk, to accomplish their detestable mission. The unhappy Hogan never until now had even an idea of the anxiety of mind which attends the commission of heinous crime. He feared the hardened character of his associates, and not without cause.

It was already midnight when they entered the grove of firs that screened the dwelling from the westerly blast. So far was its mild proprietress from apprehending anything like danger, that she had given permission to her maid, the only servant in the house, to spend the night at a neighboring wake. Having fastened the doors and windows, she retired to her sleeping chamber, performed with a tranquil mind her customary devotions, and, having extinguished the light, lay down to rest. She was awoke from a quiet sleep by the stealthy sound of feet upon the landing place outside her chamber door. Without losing an instant she advanced to the stair head and demanded who was there? The ruffians rushed upon her, but, possessing both strength of mind and bodily energy, she resisted with her utmost force, while she endeavored with the loudest shrieks to alarm the inmates of the distant cottages. Perplexed and irritated, the inhuman monsters disregarded the compact they had made at setting out, and the unhappy lady fell a victim to the atrocious murderers and her own resolution.

But who can describe the condition of the wretched Hogan's mind when he learned (for he had been left without as a kind of sentinel) that the enormities of the night, already sufficiently hideous, had been sealed by murder? Stunned by the news, it appeared to him for the instant as if till now he had led an innocent life, and this was his first step on actual crime. A burning weight seemed to be laid upon his brain, his sight grew dizzy, and he suffered himself to be hurried along by his companions, without the power of uttering a word, or directing his mind to a single thought but one. There was no resource for safety now but that of instant flight. Their booty, even more ample then they had anticipated, supplied them with abundant means; and before any effectual step could be taken for their apprehension, they were all beyond the reach of the laws which they had violated.

It was not, however, to the promptitude of their flight that they were altogether indebted for ther safety. Old Yamon, returning to the hovel in which he lived, began to regret his ungrateful passion, to remember the benefits of his gentle patroness; and to reproach himself for having yielded to his coarse infirmity.

After spending a sleepless night, upon his couch of straw, disturbed by hideous dreams and causeless fears, he arose at daybreak, and taking his staff, departed for the grove, impatient for a reconciliation. How great was his surprise to find the kitchen window broke and the door wide open at that early hour! We will not follow him through the fearful detail of his discoveries. Let it be enough to say, that pale, trembling, and affrighted, he was found in the act of rushing from the house by the maid returning from the wake, with some of her companions, who remembered with her the quarrel of the preceding evening and the menaces with which it had terminated. The beggar was apprehended, examined, and committed to the county jail. The circumstances were considered to constitute irresistible evidence, and the unhappy old man was formally executed near the scene on which the crime had been committed.

The tidings of this horrible injustice reached Hogan in America. His portion of the abominable spoils had enabled him to settle himself in a respectable little store, where he managed a thriving trade for several years, the principal portion of his profit being among the emi-

grants and descendants of emigrants from his native isle who had settled in his neighborhood.

One of his customers, not long arrived, in speaking to another of some event which had taken place in our neighborhood, by way of fixing the period of its occurrence, said: "It had taken place exactly in that year in which old Yamon the *bucaugh* was hanged for the murder of Mrs. Maunsel of the Grove."

It was well for Hogan that the small green blind which curtained the railing of his little office prevented either of the speakers from observing his confusion. These tidings, while they established his security, added tenfold to the pangs of his remorse. A second murder only now revealed! His former agonies, not yet extinct, though somewhat stilled by time and constant habit, returned upon him now with more than all their early violence. The sense of unrequited justice weighed upon his mind, and filled it with a dull and barren gloom. Some months rolled by, and he sought, in a fervent appeal to religion, a refuge from the dreadful state of mind in which he lived. But repentance without restitution is an idle word; his efforts, though they revealed to him more fully the extent of his transgression, could not quell the torments of an outraged conscience. Whether he walked, slept, ate, or drank, the dreadful figures of the innocent victim seemed to glide before his eyes, and a forewarning of judgment dwelt upon his heart. However he strove to employ his mind about the affairs of ordinary life, and to take an active interest in these subjects which amused his acquaintances, his thoughts would invariably revert to the Fir Grove and to the awful tragedy which it commemorated.

Drawn by an impulse unaccountable as it was powerful, to the very spot with which all his misery was associated, the wretched Hogan disposed of his little transatlantic possession, and returned to his home towards the close of the preceding Autumn, after an exile of more than twenty years. It was a bright harvest moon when he reached the village; and without pausing to make himself known to a single acquaintance, he immediately proceeded in the direction of the Grove, feeling a relief in the thought that now at least he had it in his power to make some compensation to the violated justice of his country. The house was still uninhabited; but the surrounding lands were richly cultivated, and the garden tended with as nice a care as in the lifetime of its kind proprietress. After surveying with a singular intensity of interest the scene which he had so much reason to remember, he went to his own cottage, which was now in the possession of a relative. Being readily recognized and welcomed by his kinsman, he obtained from him a most minute detail of all the circumstances attending the trial and execution of the innocent mendicant. On the following morning he arose early, and went to view the spot on which the poor old man had expiated so severely his hasty fit of anger. More than a month was spent in thus dallying with his internal torturer, and inquiring with the intensest interest into every trivial fact connected with the miserable event, to him the most engrossing in all history. Frequently, in moments of acute remorse, when alone at midnight, he determined that another sun should not go down on his secret; but with the morning came fears of earthly punishment, and of earthly disgrace, which gained for the time an ascendency above his deeper though more distant terrors. Alas! how few of us are not children in this respect! how few possess the power of mind necessary to enable them to fully estimate the difference between days that are numbered and days innumerable! Thus loitering and undecided, he lived from day to day, torn by remorse, yet fearful of ignominy, now taking his hat with the view of delivering himself up to a neighboring magistrate, and now returning from the very door of the functionary, repelled by a sudden failure of the nerves at the immediate view of death.

One morning, after spending a night of horrible anxiety, the conscience-stricken man arose at daybreak, and prayed with floods of tears that heaven might illumine his mind in its perplexity, and give him firmness to act the part which he felt was required of him by justice. Somewhat relieved by thus unburthening his soul, he walked out into a neighboring burial ground, where, as if to familiarize his mind to the thoughts of death, he was accustomed to spend a considerable portion of his time. The morning was still and fine; some cattle browsed amongst the graves, and the woodquests cooed in the bows of the thick elms that screened the solemn scene of death. The wretched Hogan, filled with thoughts of gloom and of uncertainty, perused the inscriptions on the humble tombstones, and envied the repose of every mouldering corpse beneath the sod. On a sudden, a man sprang over the Church-yard wall and ran with the speed of terror by the spot on which he stood. Immediately after voices were heard, exclaiming, "Stop him! stop him!" and two or three countrymen vaulted into the burying-ground. Conscious of hidden guilt, the unhappy Hogan started, and fled involuntarily with his utmost force. He was pursued and seized.

"I have him!" cried the peasant, who first laid hand upon his collar. "Ah! scoundrel, you'll see Van Dieman's Land for this! We'll teach you to break paddocks in the night an' to be sheep-stalin'."

"Well done, Tom!" cried a red faced farmer, whose comfortable proportions did not allow him to keep pace with his servants in the chase. "You rascal, where's my sheep? Eh, Tom—what—where's the thief?—this is not he."

"I am the man," said Hogan, pale as death, but with a voice that sounded hollow in its firmness.

"You!" cried the farmer; you are not the sheep-stealer."

"I am not the man that stole your sheep," replied Hogan, but I am one of the men who murdered Mrs. Maunsel, of the Grove, for which Yamon, the old beggarman, was hanged unjustly."

This stunning intelligence was received by the group with wonder and dismay. The disclosure of his secret, however, appeared to have removed much of the load which lay upon the mind of Hogan, and in the following Autumn he suffered, with less anxiety than he had felt in its remote contemplation, the punishment which the law awarded to his offence.

OUR ROCHESTER CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE N. Y. TABLET.

Dear Sir:—I take great pleasure in sending to your valuable paper a sketch of a lecture delivered by the Rev. Edward McGowan of Brockport, in St. Mary's Church, Rochester, N. Y., on Sunday evening, April 3d, before the St. Vincent de Paul Societies of this city. Long before the time appointed for the lecture to commence, the spacious edifice was crowded. A number of the Rev. Clergy of the city were present; Henry Giles, Esq., the eminent lecturer from Maine, was also present. At a quarter to 8 o'clock, P. M., the Rev. lecturer ascended the pulpit, and delivered a most brilliant and pleasing lecture. His subject was "Life Sketches of the American Pulpit." He commenced by saying, I will divide my subject into six sketches: 1st, the Catholic Pulpit—the splendid field for a grand and sublime discourse which the Church gives to the Catholic preacher; 2d, the Protestant Pulpit—no field, no privilege, no living religion is given by his Church to the Protestant preacher—only the dry bones of a religion galvanized into life, if it is possible to give them artificial animation; 3d, the Catholic Pulpit—the object, aim and reach of the Catholic preacher, illustrated by Bishop England; 4th, the Protestant Pulpit—its desecration in the streets, the parks, and the theatres, illustrated by Beecher, Parker, &c; 5th, the American Pulpit in general, and 6th, the Glories of the Catholic Pulpit. From the sixth sketch, which was most interesting, I will give a synopsis, believing it to be interesting to your readers.

As an illustration, he said, permit me to introduce to your notice the most celebrated ecclesiastic of the American pulpit, John Hughes, Archbishop of New York. It is, he said, my boast, that I am from his native diocese, and preached and officiated in his native parish. He *was* the child of an humble, honest, and respectable man—he is the equal of Statesmen and Presidents. He can claim no family title from the dust of his fathers, nor point to any golden branches in the genealogical family tree, but he needs not the accidental aid of gold, or titles—his riches are in his soul, and his title in his mitre. His Church does not select its priests from the rich or the noble of the land—it recruits its ranks from the people, as the Council of Trent recommends. Their disinterested zeal and exemplary piety is owing to this fact: their love for the poor and helpless. To this circumstance, and on this account they call these poor members of Christ around their pulpits, and look upon the lowly, the aged, and the young, as forming the broad escutcheon of their spiritual ranks, in which is inscribed the celestial glory of a long and faithful martyrdom. Archbishop Hughes, he said, is the man for his place and for his day, and all honor to old Clogher that gave him birth. And here, without forcing the simile, he would say, his mind, his words, and his actions, appear to be assimilated to his parent soil. He was born beside deep glens, as romantic as beautiful, carrying aloft their perpendicular sides, covered with vegetation even to their apex, and at their base lie the most luxuriant valleys. Here he was born amidst the natural elements of beauty, strength, and sublimity, striking the mind of the observer with preternatural aid, the eyes with pure and sublime pleasure, and from here his mind has, as it were, received corresponding faculties, sublimity of conception, grandeur of outline, strength and structure, aspiring to the noblest heights, always beautiful, because always true. Like his native mountains, when the crisis comes, he is bold, manly and energetic, and his clearness, force, and earnestness, are sure to conquer. Whether in the pulpit or in the lecture hall he is still the same—his subject brought out in bold relief, embodying his beautiful and majestic thoughts in clear and substantial language, and impressed with the spirit of sincere piety. His controversy with Breckenridge is yet fresh in our memories, and in this great polemic struggle you find such depth of argument, so lucid and so palpable, such a skilfully constructed plan of attack and means of defence, such a cool, calm, confidential advance of his arguments, wedged together in solid array, bursting with keen, piercing, logical points, advancing onward to victory, until the final flashing of the double-edged sword and the striking—as long as a single pulsation was visible—the fallen foe. In the pulpit he preaches to the hearts of all; he speaks with his tongue and his eyes and his heart. He is now in the zenith of his glory, already crowned with the laurels of fame, and resting in security on the splendid eminence he so bravely fought for and so nobly won. The colossal Church he is now erecting will be a perpetual monument to his genius, and future ages, as well as the present, will perpetuate the memory of its founder—John Hughes, Archbishop of New York.

T. G. W.

OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

The Debate on the Reform Bill.—The House of Commons degenerating.—Speeches of Sir E. Bulwer, Lord Stanley and the Solicitor-General.—How the Bill must be viewed.—Lord John Russell's trickery.—His coalition with Bright.—How far can it go?—Principal features of the Ministerial measure.—Manhood suffrage out of the question in England.—Lord John's amendment.—He won't have the Ministerial bill but doesn't offer anything in its place.—A mere cast for office on his part.—The pardoned Neapolitans.—The Poole case.—Prayers to preserve the Prince of Wales from "Popery."—Secession of a thousand persons from the Church of England.—The Catholic University.—A chance for Queen Victoria.—Dickens' new Serial.—Cardinal Wiseman.

LONDON, March 25th, 1859.

The Reform Debate has occupied both Parliament and the people during the week almost to the total exclusion of all other topics. It has thrown the Austro-French complications into temporary oblivion. Any one who has known what the debates in the House of Commons were twenty years ago cannot fail to be struck with the fact that the House has fearfully degenerated in ability. The only good speeches delivered as yet were three, and they were made by three adherents of the Ministry: Lord Stanley, the Secretary for the Colonies, Bulwer (the Novelist), and the Solicitor-General. Lord Stanley's effort was a plain but telling statement. Bulwer's was highly eloquent and effective, but some of the best points were made against Lord John Russell in the simple and unornamented discourse of the Solicitor-General. The Government Bill is certainly an improvement on the present system, and we consider the fact that any Reform Bill coming from a Conservative Ministry can only be looked upon as a concession or a compromise; it would seem to be the duty of a really patriotic House of Commons to take the Bill, and in Committee add to it or expunge its defects. This the purely personal ambition of Lord John has prevented. He wants to make a cast for the Premiership by throwing a vague and undetermined line to the working classes, whom he certainly will not admit to the franchise in any measure he may introduce, should he succeed in jumping on to the Treasury Benches. His union with Mr. Bright and his friends is unnatural, and can only last to the defeat of the Government Bill, for Mr. Bright and his adherents declare that any modification of the existing electoral laws, not based upon the ballot, would be a curse instead of an improvement, and the ballot in a measure brought forward by Lord John, is, of course, out of the question.

The fact is that Reform is a bitter pill for all parties, but some show of it being necessary it sets Palmerston and Russell thinking how they can turn the question into a leaping pole by which they might jump into office. Palmerston keeps up his character of the "Artful Dodger," and of course is prepared to dodge everybody and the country to boot. There is much more honesty about the Ministry who openly avow that Reform is none of their pets, and that no measure of the sort would be brought in by them were it not in obedience to the will of the country.

The principle of the bill is identity of suffrage; that is, the rate in both counties and towns is fixed at £10. To embrace the intelligent, no-property portion of the middle class, such as artists, literary men, condemned from time immemorial to live in lodgings, the right of franchise is given to all who hire lodgings at a weekly rent of eight shillings. In order to include the thrifty and better portions of the working class, any man who has a deposit in a Savings Bank to the amount of £60 has the right to vote. Of course to you in America this measure will seem meagre enough, compared with your manhood suffrage, but, though I would advocate the widest possible extension of the suffrage, consistent with the interest of the country, and though an upholder of manhood suffrage as a principle, I must say that it is out of the question in England. The lower classes are too deeply sunk in gross ignorance and immorality, and would not know what to do with the suffrage if they had it.

But to return from this digression. Lord John Russell meets the motion for the second reading of the bill by a vague resolution or amendment in which he declares "that this House is of opinion that it is neither just nor politic to interfere, in the manner proposed in this bill, with the freehold franchise as hitherto exercised in the counties in England and Wales; and that no readjustment of the franchise will satisfy this House or the country which does not provide for a greater extension of the suffrage in cities and boroughs than is contemplated in the present measure." This is a mere factious bait. Lord John does not suggest the changes that it would be necessary to make in order that the bill might be satisfactory to the House and the country,—he does not foreshadow any measure which he would substitute for it, but merely throws out a bait for the support of the working classes. His speech, which was a long one, was also exceedingly vague, and he stands in the position of an avowed trickster who takes advantage of a popular movement to serve his own private designs.

Some of the Neapolitan exiles have arrived in the city and have had a reception, collations, cheers, speeches, &c. Some of them dined at Mr. Gladstone's, where some Scotch Lords were assembled to meet them. There is no mark of chains on them, and they don't look half as bad as they have been painted They have begun to disagree among themselves already, some being opposed to the public meetings, &c., by which their arrival was to be signalized, and desiring to remain unobtrusively, while the hot-headed and vain are desirous of making as much noise as they can. What's the use of being a patriot if one hasn't a chance of showing himself to the world and keeping himself in its eye?

The Belgravian Confessional Case has at last been decided. Poole's license is definitively revoked.

Some ultra Protestant divine here, afraid of the influences to which the mind of the Prince of Wales is submitted in the Eternal City, has devised a form of prayer for the preservation of the young Prince from "Popery."

The congregation of St. George's Church, Halloway, have seceded from the church by law established and formed a church of their own, to be henceforth known as the *free* Church of England. The congregation numbers about a thousand persons. The reason of the secession is that the incumbent of the district refused to nominate to the ministry of the church a Mr. Hampton, for whose use the church had been built. Among the resolutions passed by the members of the congregation on seceeding was one declaring that the present state of ecclesiastical law is not only oppressive but opposed to the intelligence of the age, and requires some amendment by which congregations may have some voice in selecting their pastor. Thus they go on daily splitting up.

A highly respectable and influential deputatien waited on the Chancellor of the Exchequer on Saturday, by appointment, with regard to the granting of a charter to the Catholic University. Among the gentlemen composing the deputation were Messrs. Maguire and Bowyer, Serjeant Deasy, Mr. Bagwell of Tipperary, a Protestant, &c. Mr. Maguire addressed Mr. Disraeli on the subject of the deputation, and was followed by Serjeant Deasy and Mr. Bowyer. The Chancellor promised that the government would give the subject their most attentive consideration.

Queen Victoria has now an opportunity of adding to her lately acquired title of Empress of Hindostan that of Empress of Fegee. The Sovereign of the Fegee Islands, frightened by some exorbitant demands of indemnification on the part of Americans, has offered the sovereignty of the Islands to Her Majesty.

In consequence of a misunderstanding between Charles Dickens and his publishers, Bradbury & Evans, the great novelist's connection with that admirable periodical "Household Words" ceases, and he is about to commence the publication of another serial under the title of "All the Year Round."

His Eminence Cardinal Wiseman commenced a series of four sermons on Monday last at St. Mary's, Moorfields, on "Some broad and simple principles on which to meet the Infidelity of the Day. A very large congregation was in attendance. W.

There is beauty, pathos, and truth combined in the following song, which all delinquent subscribers should learn to sing with an understanding heart:

Oh! how happy are they
Who the Printer do pay,
And have squared up the old year or more;
Tongue cannot express
The joy of the Press,
When delinquents have squared the old score.

Printers all the day long,
Labor hard for their song,
Oh, that all their hard fate could but see;
They have worked all the day,
And of course want their pay,
To buy sugar, bread, butter and tea.

Weekly Gazette.

OUR DUBLIN CORRESPONDENCE.

The "Evangelization" of Ireland, and the men who are pledged to do it.—The Marquis of Waterford killed by a fall from his horse.—Gavazzi in trouble.—Pension from the Pope to Hogan the Sculptor's Widow.—The "Phœnix" Prisoners: trial by jury in Ireland!—Defeat of the government in the Reform Bill debate.

DUBLIN, April 1st, 1859.

Scarcely a day passes that we are not furnished with instances comical in the highest degree—funnier than the funniest face that ever was put on the stage—of the attempts of the Protestant clergymen of Ireland, and Dublin in particular, to make believe that they have made wonderful progress in the good work of "converting" the poor benighted Irish from the errors of "Popery" unto the Protestant religion, as by law established, and to appear before the country as if they really believed they are the men cut out for the work, and no mistake. Ireland has lately been put in possession of the interesting fact that the members of a valuable society, called the "Congregational Home Mission," met in a small damp vestry room in York street Church, the other evening, where they disposed of most important business. The members mustered on this occasion to the number of seven—Parsons all, of course; but, though small in number, they were big in resolve, and were not the men to stick at trifles, as any one who reads this paragraph through may learn for himself. One of the seven Parsons was voted into the chair with due formality, and one of the remaining half dozen addressed the meeting with much earnestness (through his nose) on the lamentable spectacle of the great mass of the people of this country being "immersed in the errors of Popery," and concluded a very affecting spirit by moving the following resolution, which, I am assured, he did without laughing, a circumstance which affords a remarkable instance of composure under very trying circumstances: "That the evangelization of the millions of this country is a work at once glorious and difficult—a work to which we are summoned by the whole history of Christianity, by the very nature and design of the Gospel—by our Master's express command—by the condition of the country—by our providential position, and by the magnificent visions of inspired prophesy!" He had great pleasure, he said, in moving that resolution, which was seconded by another reverend gentleman, who observed that it was needless for him to add anything to what had been so well said by his reverend friend who preceded him. The resolution, he said, spoke for itself, which, indeed, it did in such a way as to make a hermit laugh for month continuously. The Rev. chairman said he was certain "the meeting" would unanimously adopt the resolution, which it did, sure enough; and the chairman having declared that it was carried, sat down—without laughing. One of the four who had not yet spoken, then rose and informed "the meeting," that there was a very great necessity indeed in the establishment of a "mission" (which means the location, board, wages, of a hard-faced man with a Bible, commonly known as a "Scripture reader," and the establishment of a soup kitchen) in the county of Tipperary, where, the Rev. gentleman said, the people were sadly imbued with "the errors of Popery." The Rev. gentleman, who, it appears, is the Rector of some parish in that once celebrated county, confessed with a sigh that things were in an alarming condition in his district, for nearly all were Catholics, and whatever Protestants were in it (to use the expressive words of the Divine) "were nearly as bad as the Roman Catholics." Now here's a position for a sensitive Pastor like the Rev. Johnson. One wouldn't be surprised to hear that, like the youngest brother of the melancholy family, the members whereof made away themselves in various ways, he poisoned himself with his umbrella under such distressing circumstances. The half dozen Parsons who heard this sad tale resolved as one man that such a state of things should no longer continue, and, of course, as they have made up their minds on the point, it will not continue, so that Tipperary County may look out for a speedy "evangelization." I heard an individual afflicted with bad digestion, whom nothing pleases, observe in reading the report of the proceedings, that an accommodation in a Lunatic Asylum, with straight waistcoats, &c., should be provided for the seven Divines; but every good Irishman must see with one eye how fortunate it is for "the millions of this country" that the seven Parsons who assembled in the damp little vestry in York street Church have kindly undertaken the arduous task of "evangelizing" them.

That well-known sporting celebrity, the Marquis of Waterford, was killed this week by a fall from his horse. The fame of "the Marquis" as a wild dare-devil during his young days, and as a consistent and liberal supporter of the "Turf" in Ireland, and a successful practitioner in the "betting line" in his more matured years, has spread far and wide. I'm sure I need not remind your Irish readers who left the old country within the last twenty years of the many stories that were told of how the Marquis cracked the crowns of watchmen by the dozen—how he fought "rounds" in public thoroughfares with sweeps and coalporters—how he gave liberal prices for small black clay pipes which he coveted in the mouths of the peasantry—how he rode horses to death across the country—how he had seven bags of brass knockers, bell handles and policemen's batons (some said and policemen's heads) carefully laid by in his house at Canaghmore as trophies of his midnight adventures—how he drank whiskey with blacklegs and gipsoys, and rode steeple-chases by the moonlight, with various other performances of a like character. Of late years he settled down considerably, and married a wife some twelve years ago, the daughter of Lord Stuart De Rothsay, whom he was near killing before the honeymoon was out by driving her in a phæton drawn by two unbroken colts, which ran away and threw the bride, who fell with her head against a tree. His lordship had no family, so that his vast estates go to his brother, the Honorable and Rev. John Beresford, who is Incumbent of a parish in the county of Wicklow. It was to this gentleman the Marquis in his young days was in the habit of giving a "chance of the property," as he called it, by taking fabulous leaps and swimming rivers on horseback, and making sundry attempts at breaking his neck. The Marquis did not meet his death, as your readers may imagine, in a grand struggle for a race, or while in full cry after the hounds, or performing some of his old wild feats of horsemanship. An end was put to the earthly career of one who had more hair-breadth escapes than any man of his time, as he was soberly crossing a mound of earth about two feet high. He had been hunting with his own hounds at a place called Castlemorris, in the county of Kilkenny; and after enjoying two or three "runs," he was quietly crossing this little bank, when his horse missed his hind legs on it, suddenly dropped his fore legs into a small dyke or cut which ran along the bank, and the Marquis fell over on his head. He never spoke afterwards, and in ten minutes he was dead. Rumor speaks favorably of the deceased nobleman as a landlord; it is certain that he always did what so few of our aristocracy do—he lived at home and spent his great fortune in the country from whence he derived it.

Our interesting friend, Signor Allesandro Gavazzi, got into trouble in Galway the other day. He visited the "City of the Tribes," it appears, for the purpose of treating the few Protestant inhabitants there to one of his anti-Popery lectures. The rector of the parish, when introducing Gavazzi, expressed a hope that the Catholic inhabitants woul d not be offended at what the Signor might say against "Popery." Gavazzi, as is his wont, came out very strong about the Pope and the Catholic religion generally—in fact the lowest abuse of everything Catholic is his stock in trade, to deprive him of which would leave him bankrupt as a public speaker. Some of his coarse and insulting observations came to the ears of the Catholic people, (who, of course, compose the great bulk of the population of the town,) who being unused to have their religion insulted almost in their very presence, assembled round the building in which Gavazzi and his friends were assembled and gave unmistakable signs of their intention to have a personal interview with Gavazzi, the result of which might not be very pleasing to that individual. His friends, however, managed to smuggle him away, and by this means he avoided the interview. At a subsequent period of the day a Presbyterian minister named McManus narrowly escaped being mobbed by the people who mistook him for Gavazzi. It was found necessary, we are told, to call out the Horse and Foot Police. It would be well if the Horse and Foot Police were called out to remove Gavazzi, who, by his coarse allusions and sacrilegious abuse of the Catholic religion, roused the anger of an unsophisticated and earnest Catholic population, who have not learned how to restrain themselves when their faith is insulted by a mountebank.

Accounts from Rome inform us that his Holiness the Pope intends to grant a pension to Mrs. Hogan, (the widow of the Irish sculptor,) as a Roman subject. I have already informed your readers that the English Government granted her a pension of £100 per annum, which, however, as housewives say, wouldn't go here nor there amongst the poor lady's long family.

The trial at Tralee of the persons charged with belonging to the "Phœnix Society," in the county of Kerry, commenced on 30th March, pursuant to adjournment, the jury at the last trial, as your readers will recollect, having disagreed on the trial of Daniel Sullivan, one of the accused. The Attorney-General is obliged to be absent from the interesting proceedings, having to attend in the House of Commons, where the ministry, one of whose officials he is, require all the assistance that can be mustered. The Solicitor-General, therefore, plays first legal fiddle at Tralee, and although he always had the reputation of being a wooden-headed gentleman, the manner in which he succeeded in packing a jury on the present occasion proves that he knows a thing or two about state prosecutions. In empanneling a jury the practise is to call the names as they appear on the roll, and during this proceeding at Tralee, the Crown, in the exercise of its right, rejected eleven Catholics, and eventually succeeded in forming a jury, every man of the dozen being Protestants of "the real sort." Before the rising of the Court on the evening of this shameful proceeding, the prisoner, who was "given in charge" to this impartial jury of his countrymen, the indictment setting forth in the usual rigmarole fashion, that he was charged with feloniously compassing to deprive the Queen of her imperial crown—with attempting to induce the citizens of the United States of America with force to invade Ireland, and to make her an independent democratic republic. On the following morning Mr. Coffey, one of the prisoner's counsel, (Mr. O'Hagan, Queen's Counsel, being detained elsewhere,) informed the Court that he had received a letter from the prisoner which left him and the other counsel and the solicitor for the prisoner no option but to throw up their briefs in the case. He was about to read this letter, but the Solicitor-General objected, and the Judge ruled that it could not be read or published, at least during the progress of the trial. I am able to state, however, that the letter is to the effect that after the barefaced "packing" of the jury on the previous evening, the prisoner requested that his counsel would not go through the farce of addressing a panel so framed, and that they would mark their sense of the proceeding by withdrawing from the case and leaving him to his fate, as he knew the jury had determined, whatever might be said or done, to find him guilty. The three counsel for the prisoner and his solicitor left the court, and the Solicitor General proceeded with the mockery of opening the case, and the whole thing will be gone over again, as if these twelve men, who have sworn solemnly "a true verdict to give according to the evidence," had not made up their minds to convict the prisoner whatever the witnesses, the counsel, or the learned judge may say during the progress of the trial. If this is not making trial by jury in Ireland "a mockery, a delusion, and a snare," I'm an idiot.

Intelligence has just been received that the government have been beaten by a majority of thirty-nine on the Reform Bill debate. A dissolution of Parliament is expected.

DUBLINER.

OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

The proposed Congress.—Favorable effect of the Russian proposition on the public mind.—The "war party" dumb.—Basis of the Congress.—Sardinia to be excluded.—The French representative.—Prince Napoleon.—The PRESSE turned peacemaker.—Anniversary of the Prince Imperial's birth.—Mass celebrated at the Tuileries.—Incidents of the Review in the Champ de Mars.—Cochin-China.—L'AMI DE LA RELIGION.—Emile de Girardin.—Abbe Migne.—New regulations concerning public worship.—A club closed.—Proselytizing forgeries and lies in Breslau.—Death of Prince Milosch.—The Principalities.

PARIS, March 24th, 1859.

The Congress proposed by Russia and accepted by the Government of the Emperor Napoleon has completely dashed the hopes of that loud-mouthed though diminutive faction who have been dignified with the title of the "war party." The announcement of the proposal and its acceptance in the *Moniteur* caused very general satisfaction, and produced a favorable effect on the pulse of the monied men: the funds. The announcement that England and Prussia had adhered to the Russian proposition, added to the feeling which still further strengthened by the rumor (which may possibly be premature) that Austria had also consented. Sardinia is to be excluded from the Congress, or if admitted will have no vote, and the Pontifical States, Modena, Parma, &c., will be allowed representation thereat. It would be eminently desirable, in my opinion, that the Italian States should be admitted and heard in their own cause, for then Europe would know the true state of things in Italy, and the exaggerations and fabrications of the Cavour party and their organs in the Sardinian press would be made patent to the world. No redistribution of territory can take place at this Congress, for the treaties of 1815 are to be taken as the basis of any arrangement that may be arrived at. The Congress will net be held in any of the great cities of Europe, but in Geneva, Baden, or Aix-la-Chapelle; the general opinion is that the latter will be selected. Prince Napoleon was named at first by common report as the representative of France at the Congress, but the idea is more than absurd. Public opinion, which compelled his resignation of his post of Minister for Algeria and the Colonies, would not permit the choice, even if the Emperor were mad enough to dream of it. M. de Persigny, our late Minister to England and one of the ablest statesmen of the Second Empire, is now spoken of, as also Count Walewski, the Minister for Foreign Affairs. The Count, I think, will be the man. If he be chosen, it is said that M. Dronin de l'Huys, who has already made his mark in diplomacy, will assist him.

Prince Napoleon keeps very quiet since his resignation, and it is said that his bellicose ideas have been somewhat quieted by the force of public opinion. He is, without doubt, the most unpopular man in France, and his poor little Sardinian Princess, very unjustly, is covered by the odium which attaches to her husband. The *Presse*, the organ of the "war-party," has been tamed down very much and now advises Piedmont not to be rash.

On Sunday, the anniversary of the Prince Imperial's birth, the Emperor and Empress had Mass offered up at the Tuileries. A grand review was held afterwards in the Champ de Mars by the Emperor in honor of the same occasion. The Empress was in an open carriage with the little Prince, who being, as you are already aware, a corporal in the Grenadiers of the Guard, was dressed in the uniform of his regiment, bearskin hat and all. The little fellow gave the military salute in good style. After the review, the Emperor gave orders to have the crowd admitted near his person, when a general rush was made and the people seemed excited to a great pitch of enthusiasm by the confidence which he showed in them. The Emperor, accompanied by the Empress, then proceeded in the midst of the vast crowd to the Palace of Industry to hear the concert given by the Orpheon Societies, a vast musical association, having branches throughout the country, from all parts of which they had come on the present occasion to the number of six or seven thousand

We have news from the Cochin-Chinese expedition. Several skirmishes had taken place between the Annamites and the allied force, in which the former met with great loss, and a large number of prisoners had been taken. The *Prigent*, which had been sent to course along the coast, in the hope of saving some of the priests who are wandering about on the mountains in hourly danger of martyrdom, succeeded in rescuing some of these pious men who had gone through incredible hardships. There are numbers, however, in the interior, too far from the coast to avail themselves of this succor, who daily receive the martyr's crown.

L'Ami de la Religion has swelled into a daily since the 5th instant, and appears every day but Sunday. The Abbe Lisson is its director, and M. Poujonlat, a writer of known talent, the chief editor. The number of contributors is large, and includes the Abbe Coquat, Abbe Lamazon, Messrs. Lissajons, Audley, Lame-Fleury, London, and a lady-writer, Madame Eleda. The new journal, or rather the journal in its new form, has received a most flattering letter of encouragement from the Archbishop of Tours.

The French have a proverb which does not want for truth. It is: *Qui a bu boira*, or in English, "who has drunk, will drink." It might be parodied and applied to journalists by making a new verb which I don't mean to copyright: "Who has *journalized* will *journalize*." We have a striking proof of this in that veteran and most paradoxical journalist, Emile de Girardin, who it seems cannot refrain from journalizing, and is back again in the ranks of journalism. He has purchased the *Courrier de Paris*.

The Abbe Migne, who has done so much for Catholic literature, has been appointed a member of the Academy of Quirites at Rome, an institution established for the furtherance of Catholic progress in Literature, Science, and Art. M. Migne is well deserving of this distinction for his great labor in the cause which is the object of the Roman Academy.

The permission to build new temples, churches, or meeting-houses, for Protestant worship, will, for the future, be given by the Emperor, in the State Council, on the report of the Minister of Public Worship and the Minister of State, instead of by the Prefects of Departments, as heretofore. The would-be proselytizers here are exceedingly wroth that they cannot build churches wherever they like, as the principal manœuvre they wish to employ is to build Churches where there are no Protestants, in the hope of furthering their proselytizing designs. Yet they have the same rights as the Catholic religion, for the same authority is necessary for the building of a Catholic Church. It would be something strange to see Catholics treated with such equality by a Protestant government, or in a Protestant country. Another regulation which annoys the anti-Catholics very much is that which decrees that no minister of religion shall, in their sermons, abuse or insult other religions. This, of course, takes away their occupation completely, for what can their preachers talk about when the only topic on which all anti-Catholics agree—abuse of the Catholic Church—is forbidden them.

A club called the *Little Club* has been closed by order of the Prefect of la Gironde.

The Prince Bishop of Breslau has warned his clergy of a new trick of the proselytizers to circulate their books among the people. These gentlemen do not stop at a forgery or a lie in the prosecution of their designs. They go into Catholic families and represent themselves as messengers from the Catholic Bishops, and fortify their representations with forged letters of recommendation. They then endeavor to sell their mutilated bibles at the best price they can induce the good and simple people to give for them.

Prince Milorch, who was but lately recalled to the government of Servia, has not long enjoyed his power. We have just received news of his death. His son Michel is his successor.

It is said that the conference relative to the elections in Moldavia and Wallachia will not be held until after the Congress on the affairs of Italy. The double election of Col. Couza to the two Hospodarships will be recognized by all the powers, except Turkey, whose non-recognition does not amount to anything.

The old established general Newspaper and Periodical Agents, H. Dexter & Co., (late Dexter & Bro.,) have removed from their old stand in Ann street, to their splendid new store 113 Nassau st., New York. The Messrs. Dexter & Co. are amongst the oldest and most respectable News Agents in this City.

DEPARTURE OF A PASTOR.—The Rev. J. Coyle, late Pastor of St. Mary's Church, Jersey City, being about to leave the field of his labors for the West, the congregation of St. Mary's determined to present the Rev. gentleman with some token of their esteem and gratitude. To carry out this purpose a committee of St. Mary's congregation waited on the Rev. Mr. Coyle on Friday evening, April 8th, at the house of the Rev. Mr. Kelly. Mr. P. Reilly, on behalf of the committee, presented the Rev. gentleman with a service of Altar Plate, with Vestments, &c., and expressed the kind sentiments of the parishioners and their heartfelt regrets at his departure from amongst them.

THE PARAGUAYAN TREATY.—The *Tribuna* of Buenos Ayres, of Feb. 18, gives "on the best authority" the following basis of the settlement effected by Mr. Commissioner Bowlin: "Paraguay binds herself to make full and honorable reparation for the affair of the *Water-Witch*, paying $10,000 to the family of the sailor who was killed on board that vessel; and farther to indemnify all North American citizens for any losses they may have suffered —their claims to be examined by a mixed commission, and, in case of any disagreement, to be referred to a foreign Minister as umpire."

DEATH OF THE PUBLIC GARDENER.—Mr. James Maher, the Public Gardener, died on the 15th instant, aged nearly 67 years. He was a native of Ireland, and came to this city from Philadelphia early in the administration of Gen. Jackson, who gave him the office he held at the time of his death, and which he kept uninterruptedly through all intervening changes of Administration for a space of nearly thirty years.—*Washington Intelligencer.*

CITY MORTALITY.—The City Inspector reports that there were 401 deaths in the city during the past week. The ages of 219 of those who died did not exceed 10 years, and 48 of the whole number were inmates of public institutions. One hundred and thirty died of diseases of the lungs and throat, and 88 of diseases of the brain and nerves. Of the number 282 were natives of the United States; 72 of Ireland; 22 of Germany; 12 of England.

A party of Stockbridge Indians, under the lead of Jesse Wybrar, a half-breed, and Levi Konkapat, have taken possession of a farm of two hundred acres in Copake, Columbia County, in this State, under their claim to a tract of six hundred thousand acres in the counties of Albany, Rensselaer and Columbia. Some trouble is anticipated.

WILL SPURGEON COME?—It is reported that Chapin, Beecher, Cheever, Corey, and other celebrated divines of this and adjacent cities, held a convention recently, for the purpose of devising some plan for the importation of Spurgeon, the celebrated London preacher, into this benighted country. In the way of private opinions, one reverend gentleman thought that a youthful minister of such great repute would be the instrument of much good to Young America; another believed that if an Englishman denounced slavery in the pulpit, the cause of Abolitionists would be greatly benefited; a third was eager to greet the Young Man Eloquent as a fearless friend of the slave; another was afraid that Spurgeon's opposition to "close communion" would excite dissensions in the ranks of the straight-out Baptists, &c., &c. We do not pretend to assert that the report is false, nor that it is true; but if the above-mentioned clergymen *are* anxious to induce Spurgeon to visit this country, why do they not go after him in a body, instead of writing letters. The London apostle may be able to save *souls*; but *soles* never wear out, if they are made of English band *sole* leather, such as is used by Mr. ROBERT MCCAFFERTY, the fashionable boot and shoe dealer, of 230 Bowery. The ladies say that Mr. McCs'. *soles* require no Spurgeon to save them!

"Hail bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth, youth, and good desire;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing."

When Milton penned the above beautiful lines, he must have foreseen with what great bustle and excitement that *great* day, well known to New Yorkers as the 1st of May, was to be ushered in. Nearly every one change their place of residence on that day, most of whom move because they want a better house and better neighborhood to live in than they were in before. This is a go-ahead age—and as a necessary consequence they will have to get better furniture, &c.; but, above all, they must get a new carpet. This, of course, the ladies cannot and will not do without. They will naturally ask themselves: "Where will I buy my carpet? Where can I get it cheapest?" We know one man who can solve these questions for the ladies; if they will only call on Mr. ARTHUR DONNELLY, No. 98 Bowery, they will there find a complete assortment of Carpeting, of all grades, styles and prices, suitable to all tastes, besides Mr. Donnelly prides himself on selling his Carpets at the very lowest figure.

AMERICAN GENIUS.—We read of new inventions every day, some of which are very useful, others need much labor to bring them to perfection. The Americans are allowed by all to be an inventive people. Every article which by any possibility can be made to conduce to human comfort or luxury presents a subject upon which the fertile genius of the American inventors seem bound to make an improvement. Of all the improvements or inventions we have seen or read of, none has seemed to us of more utility or benefit than the Spring Beds lately invented. To every one who wish to rest in "balmy repose," we would say procure a Spring Bed. No luxury can be greater to the invalid, or the sick—they can lie on them with comfort and ease. They yield easily to every motion of the body, thus giving to it rest without the trouble of being moved or disturbed. The "Oriental Spring Bed" is perhaps the greatest of these yet introduced. It is cheaper than any other of the kind. An advertisement of this bed can be found below.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—Flour—The market displayed increased activity and rather more firmness, especially for common and medium grades of Western. Transactions footed up within the following range of prices 5

Superfine State	$5 15@$5 50
Extra State	6 00@ 6 45
Superfine Western	5 20@ 5 50
Extra Iowa, Michigan, Indiana, and Ohio	6 65@ 7 75
Extra Genesee	7 00@ 8 20
Canadian extra	6 50@ 7 40
Mixed to straight Southern	5 95@ 6 55
Southern fancy and extra	6 60@ 8 20
Choice extra family and bakers' brands	7 75@ 9 00
Rye flour	3 70@ 4 40
Corn meal	3 95@ 4 3-

Canadian flour was steady while sales were quite limited. Southern brands were in good demand, and closed with more firmness. Among the purchases were some parcels for export to tropical ports, including the West Indies. Rye flour and corn meal were quiet and prices unchanged. Wheat was in better request, with more doing. Corn was in fair demand, including white Southern at 85c.; Jersey and Southern at 86@88c., and Western mixed, in store, at 84@85c. Rye was firmer at 88@90c Oats were heavy, with sales of State at 53@55c., and Western and Canadian at 56@59c.

COFFEE—The market was firm, with sales of Java at 14½@15c., and Rio at 11½@12c.

FRUIT—Sales of about 500@600 boxes raisins were made at $2 20 for M. R.'s and at $2 70 for layers.

HIDES—The receipts of the week have been more liberal, consisting of three cargoes from Buenos Ayres and one from California, most of which were previously sold to arrive. The demand has been good, and dealers have operated to a fair extent. Prices are firm and holders are willing sellers at present rates.

MOLASSES—The sales embraced about 110 hhds. clayed Cuba at 24@25c., Cuba Muscovado at 32@34c., and New Orleans on private terms.

PROVISIONS—Pork—The market was heavy and lower, while the sales footed up about 2,000 bbls., including new mess at $17 25@$17 50, the inside figure for cash; old mess at $17@$17 12½, and prime at $12 40@$12 60. Beef was in moderate demand, and prices unchanged. Country prime at $6 50@$7, country mess at $8@$9, repacked mess at $9 25@$11 25, and extra do. at $12 50 @$13. Prime mess was at $17@$21, and 60@70 bbls. beef hams were sold at $14@$17. Bacon was quiet at 8@10½c. Cut meats were firm, with sales of 250 hhds., and tierces at 6@6¾c. for shoulders, and 8@9½c. for hams. Lard was in fair request at 11½@11⅝c. Butter and cheese were unchanged.

SUGARS were firm and more active, with sales of about 1,000 hhds within the range of 6¾@7⅛c., and Cuba muscavado at 6¼@7c.—the inside figure for Santiago refining goods.

WHISKEY—The market was firm at 26@26½c.

TEA.—The auction sales on Friday drew a good and spirited company. The catalogue comprised a moderate sized offering of greens, of good quality, all of which were gone through with full prices.

WOOL—The large auction sale announced for the 21st inst. has restricted operations. The sales since our last have not been important, although full prices have been obtained for the parcels disposed of, especially for fine fleece, of which the stock is now quite light. Quotations for wool remain unchanged. The recent European news being favorable to holders, they evince more firmness in their demands.

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COMPOSED OF

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and may be taken all seasons with perfect safety.

EVERYWHERE CELEBRATED

for the cure of

SCROFULA,	STUBBORN ULCERS,
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SALT RHEUM,	MERCURIAL DISEASES,
RHEUMATISM,	CUTANEOUS ERUPTION,
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[*From the London Catholic Weekly Register.*]

"To hear Dr. Faber preach is one of the first wishes of a Catholic stranger visiting London. Indeed, many Protestants share it. And though of course those who have heard him differ widely in their estimate, yet the great majority of them seem even more desirous of hearing him again than they were before. Well then, the volume before us will in a great degree meet this wish in those who have never heard him, and still more in those who have. To any one of the latter class, it is impossible to read a single page without having the whole scene brought vividly before him—the long, low, ugly church (as it probably was when most of them last saw it, though it is so now no more), the high and ornamental altar, the spacious sanctuary, with the community sitting on each side, the great congregation, the coming out direct and almost hastily to the pulpit, his attitude, manner and tone as he begins without giving out a text—the striking force and fluency of his mere language, the play of his voice, the poetry and pathos of his illustrations, and, at the same time, what is really much more remarkable and characteristic, the extraordinary fulness of matter, and especially the acquaintance displayed with the lives of the saints, and then at last the abrupt and unexpected termination, taking one who is there for the first time so much by surprise that he looks up to see what is taking place, and sees the preacher going out as he came in—all this flashes so vividly before any one who has ever heard it, that on reading one of the 'conferences,' he sometimes finds it difficult to say whether he actually heard that particular one preached or not. This is not surprising considering the manner in which, as the preface tells us, the book has been composed. . . .

"'During the Advents, Lents, and Months of Mary, I have been accustomed to preach in the Church of the Oratory on points connected with the spiritual life. These Addresses have been very familiar, and also from long personal intercourse with my hearers, more intimate and affectionate than such Addresses would have been under different circumstances. I enjoyed the highest liberty which a preacher can have—a tolerable certainty that I should not be misunderstood, at least by those who habitually heard me; and of strangers and chance auditors I naturally took no account.

"'As these Addresses had neither the formality of Lectures, nor the dignity of Sermons, I have been accustomed to call them Conferences, using the word rather in a foreign than a native sense. A selection from these is now presented to the reader, as nearly in the form in which they were preached, as I could remember.

"'It has been my custom to have the notes of them, very full and detailed, prepared several weeks, often several months, before delivering them. They were then revised before preaching, and very often annotated immediately after preaching, when necessary or desirable changes struck me in the act and fervor of delivery. There is nothing which brings out any want of logical sequence, or any disproportionate arrangement of thoughts, more vividly than the act of preaching, and I have repeatedly profited by this fact. The notes were then laid aside, some for two years, some for one year, some for a few months, before I finally revised them for writing, and at last wrote them out. I have long adopted this custom with what concerned the Spiritual Life, so as to secure myself from putting forth mere views struck out in a heat, and also that I might convert the opinions expressed, whatever their intrinsic value might be, into judgments ascertained with care, matured by experience, and revised with jealous repetition under various circumstances, and in different moods of mind.'

"What we have already said almost precludes the possibility of our giving what may be called a criticism of the contents of the volume before us. It is our privilege as well as our duty to lay aside the critical habit of mind in listening to a sermon, and the reading of this volume, to any one who has been accustomed to attend the oratory, is really nothing else; and if we were to say in print all that we feel tempted to say about it, it would be quite useless to those of our readers who already share our feelings, while those who do not would be more likely to accuse us of exaggeration than to change their previous estimate. We have marked for extract many passages of characteristic eloquence and originality and practical truth, but we refrain from giving them, for we believe we may assume that all our readers will, before long, be familiar with the volume, even if they have not already read it."

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Saints are often made by reading Saints' lives. Let us hope that something of this grace will accompany the reading of this life. It has a peculiar interest just now because of the particular circumstances of India. We have much to give at home, so much as to be almost above our means. Yet love has a quick eye, and will soon find out for us, if we search into our own lives, some hitherto unthought-of self-denial, which we can practise, and by the practise of which we can help India by helping more munificently the work of the Propagation of the Faith. . . . . .

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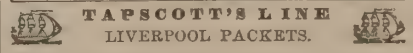

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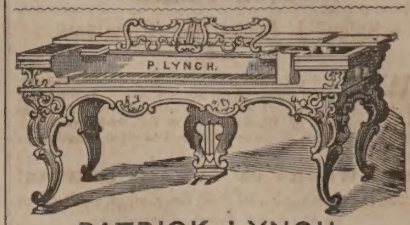

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ROBT. T. HAWS, Comptroller.
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